

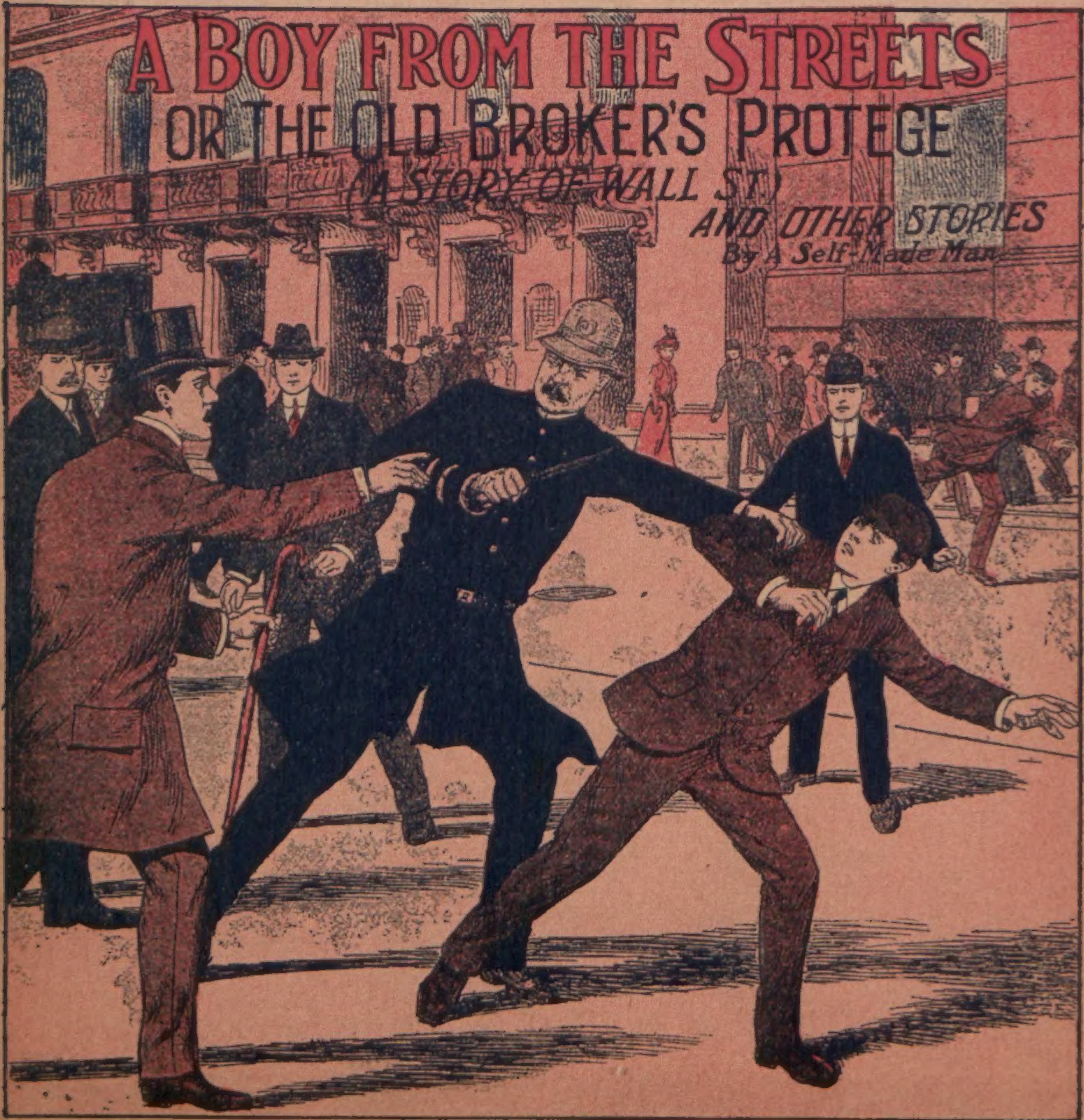
FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A BOY FROM THE STREETS OR THE OLD BROKER'S PROTEGE

(A STORY OF WALL ST.)

AND OTHER STORIES
By A Self-Made Man



"Stop, officer!" cried the young broker, coming up and extending his arm in protest as the policeman seized Jimmy. "That lad is not the guilty one." "That's right," put in the boy; "it was Patsy Boyle dat upset de cart."

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A Boy From the Streets

OR, THE OLD BROKER'S PROTEGE

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Jimmy and the Old Broker.

"Shine your shoes, sir?"

The words were addressed to John Barrington, an old Wall Street broker, as he sat by himself on a bench in the little Bowling Green park one sunny afternoon about four by the Produce Exchange clock which stared out from its nearby tower. The voice was a pleasant one, and the gentleman removed his eyes from the paper he was reading and looked at the boy who had asked him the question. He was rather old for a boot-black, being about fifteen years. He had a cheerful, intelligent face, and though attired in patched garments that had seen their best days, he was unusually clean and neat in his appearance for one of his calling. The old broker's shoes were not badly in want of a shine, for they had been attended to that morning, but he decided he would part with a nickel to this boy, so he said:

"You can give me a shine."

Then he went on reading his paper, while the boy applied himself to the job. The boy was brisk about his work, and the shine he applied to the broker's shoes was in every way satisfactory.

"Through already?" said the old trader, with a smile, when the boy tapped his second shoe as a sign it was done.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, respectfully.

The broker slowly pulled some silver from his pocket, selected a quarter and handed it to the boy.

"You may keep the change," he said.

"Thank you, sir; dat's kind of you," replied the boy.

"What's your name, my lad?"

"Jimmy Long."

"Live on the East Side, I suppose?"

"I live at de Newsboys' Lodging House."

"Then you have no parents to look after you?"

"No, sir; I can look after myself, all right. At any rate, I've been obliged to do dat for the last five years."

"Indeed. That accounts for your being on the streets?"

"Yes, sir."

"You look large to me for a shoeblack. Can't you get something more profitable to do—something's there's a future in, or at least will start you on the road to something better?"

"I worked in a printin' office for some weeks, runnin' errands and helpin' in de composin' room, but I was discharged a week ago for pi-ing a form, and so I went back to dis work which I used to do."

"You were discharged for pi-ing a form?" said the broker. "I don't understand what you mean. I suppose it's some technical term connected with the printing industry."

"Yes, sir. A form is type dat has been set up and locked in a chase. It ain't got any back to it, for a chase is only an oblong steel frame, like a winder frame without de center pieces. Dey are made in different sizes. Small ones, from eight inches by twelve up to about twelve by eighteen, to fit job presses; and big ones, two feet by three, about, and larger, to fit cylinder presses. De form is locked in dem with metal and wooden furniture around it, by steel quoins and a steel key in de form of de letter T. It has to be squeezed tight or it would fall out. Sometimes when a big form has been standin' a while it gets a little loose. I fell against one of dat kind, and it all went to pieces. It happened to be 'alive,' and the foreman got mad and bounced me."

"If the form is made up of type, and what you call furniture, the meaning of which is all Greek to me, and is held together by steel quoins, what do you mean when you say the one you knocked to pieces was alive?" asked the puzzled old gentleman.

"Dey call a form alive when it's waitin' to be put on de press. Any type dat is to be used again in de same shape after it has been printed is alive. When de job is finished, and de office has no further use for it, it's called dead, and den it's taken apart and de type distributed back in de cases."

"Oh, I see," said the old broker, much interested. "I suppose this newspaper page is a large form, which is locked up in a large chase, without any back to it, and it's alive until the edition has been printed off," he went on.

Mr. Barrington was an experienced broker, of long standing, but he had only very hazy ideas about how the newspaper he read twice a day was printed. As a matter of fact, he had never given the matter any attention. It was enough for him that the eight, ten or twelve page sheet was produced in some mysterious way connected with the art of newspaper printing. The boot-

black's description of a form had suddenly awakened a zest in his mind to know more about printing. He had nothing particular at the moment to engage his attention, and somehow he found himself intensely interested in a subject he had never looked into before.

"Dey didn't print daily papers in de office where I worked, sir, but I've seen how dey do it."

"How do they do it?"

"Dey used to print newspapers de way you said, four and eight pages at a time, from de type dat de compositors set up, but dey don't do dat any more with de dailies."

"How is this paper printed?"

"De type is set up by a machine now, and each of dem lines dere comes out in a slug—dat's a narrer piece of metal de width of de dine and about as thick as if it was real type, and it as high as a type. De man sets dem slugs by workin' de keys of an alphabet, like de keyboard of a typewriter."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the surprised broker.

"Every time dat he strikes a key a funny piece of brass with a letter on one end comes down from a box at de top of de machine and goes into a place just de width of dat newspaper column. When de line is set, de operator touches a lever and de line is carried down into de castin' box of de machine and de slug is cast and comes out right away all ready to be printed."

"My goodness! How extraordinary!"

"When de operator has set de second line it comes out next to de first one, and so on. Dat's de way newspapers are set up dese days. De type is afterward put in a chase, locked up and taken into de castin' room, when a mold of de page is taken on prepared paper. De page dat you see dere is cast from dat mold, not flat, but in a semi-circle, so dat it will fit one of de cylinders of de big newspaper presses. Another page made de same way is fastened to another cylinder, and so on till all de pages are on de press. Den de paper is printed from an endless roll of paper, dat goes in white at one end and comes out in separate and folded papers at de other, or at one side. Understand, sir?"

"I have an idea," replied the broker. "And to think I never looked into the thing before. Really, you've proved quite a fund of information to me."

The old broker beamed upon the bootblack.

"I feel quite interested in you," he continued. "Tell me now, would you like to follow up the printing business?"

"I like an outdoor business better, sir."

"An outdoor business, eh?"

"I like de fresh air better dan de smell of printin' ink. If I had de choosin' of what I'd like to do best, I'd ask to be a broker's messenger in Wall Street."

"Indeed! Is that where your ambition lies?"

"Yes, sir. I'd like to learn de business and become a broker some day myself."

"What put such an idea in your head?"

"I hang around Wall and Broad streets and see a hundred brokers every day. They seem to be the finest lot of men in de world. They're always well dressed, and money ain't no object

with dem, 'cause dey make it right along in the stock market."

"You mean their business is to speculate?"

"Dey speculate when dey see de chance to make money, and as dey're always goin' in and out of de Stock Exchange, why I guess there ain't much dat gets by them."

"My young friend, you have a wrong idea of the brokers. I am a stock broker myself. I've been in the business forty years. When I was young I did some speculating, and while I often made money, I nearly went to the wall in a panic. After that I quit taking chances and devoted myself strictly to the legitimate business of serving my customers and building up a trade. Nearly all successful traders work on that principle. Those who make a practice of speculating to any extent not only endanger their customers' interests, but their own as well, and are likely to come to grief at any time."

"I thought you had something to do with Wall Street, sir."

"My office is in the Seneca Building. Here is my card. Come and see me, and I will try and find something for you to do."

"Thank you, sir. When shall I call?"

"Oh, in two or three days. Come about half-past three."

"Yes, sir. It's Tuesday. I'll call at your office on Friday if dat will suit you."

"Very well. Call Friday afternoon, and in the meanwhile I'll keep you in mind and see if I can find a place for you."

The broker folded his paper, got up, bade the boy good-by, and walked away.

CHAPTER II.—The Episode of the Banana Cart.

Jimmy Long walked out of the park, too, and took his way down Beaver street.

"So dat old gent is a stock broker?" he said to himself. "He's a fine man, if he is old. Nobody but a real gent would give me a quarter for a shine and tell me to keep de change. Dat shows he's got money and ain't mean with it. I'd like to work for him, but I guess dere ain't much chance of dat. Brokers don't want shabby-lookin' boys like me in deir offices. If I had a decent suit, I might stand some chance. All de messenger boys dress well. I reckon dey have to, for dey carry notes around among the brokers and must look nice."

Jimmy secured a customer without any effort on his part. He was a broker, too, with sharp, shrewd eyes, and a small mustache over his upper lip. While Jimmy was giving his shoes a shine another trader came up.

"Say, Ryland, how did you come out on A. & D. to-day? There was quite a slump for a short time."

"I sold to Benjamin just before prices slipped a cog, so I came out a winner," answered Ryland.

"You were lucky," said the other; "but then you always are fortunate. You can slip out of a trap easier than any man I know of."

"Yes, I'm always on the lookout for the little pitfalls that the boys spread for one another when the lambs are shy and won't bite."

"I'll bet you shear as many lambs as the next man."

"It isn't my fault if any get away from me. Some of them are so easy that it is almost a shame to take their fleece. It's like finding money."

"My dear fellow, the lambs were created entirely for the benefit of Wall Street. Let us be thankful that they are numerous enough to go around. Business always languishes after they have dropped their little piles and are forced to remain away till they can garner some more. Thank the fates that a new crop is always growing to take the places of those who are down and out for good. When a new lamb enters my office I welcome him like a long-lost brother, and my advice is always at his service," said the other, with a chuckle.

"I'd hate to be a lamb and browse around your place, Rugford," laughed Ryland.

"Why so? I'd treat you all right. You could count on getting a run for your money every time."

"I'll bet I'd have to run for it. I'd need a pair of Seven League boots to catch up with it."

"Don't throw stones, my dear fellow. People who live in glass houses——"

"That's a hit at me, eh? Oh, well, a chap must expect these sly digs once in a while. Done with my shoes, boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, who had been an interested listener to their conversation.

"Here's your nickel. You need a shine, Rugford. Give the boy a job. Nothing like encouraging honest industry. How do you find business, young man?" he added, as Rugford placed one foot on the boy's box.

"Pretty good, sir. It would be better if all the lambs would only have their shoes blacked when dey came down here."

"So you have an eye on the lambs, too, eh?"

"Smart boy," said Rugford, with a grin. "Why don't the lambs patronize you chaps as well as we brokers?"

"I'm afraid de broker don't leave enough change in deir clothes for dem to pay for a shine," replied Jimmy.

"That's pretty good," said Rugford, with a guffaw. "You seem to have a hard opinion of the brokers."

"No, sir, I've got a very good opinion of dem."

"Oh, you have? I should not have thought so from the remark you just made."

"Oh, dat was just one of my jokes."

"Come, now, tell me how you would recognize a lamb if you saw one."

"I can always pick dem out after a slump in de market."

"How?"

"Dey have a sheepish look."

Both traders roared at the boy's answer.

"You're all right, young fellow," said Rugford. "Do you know why they're called lambs?"

"Because dey resemble real lambs."

"In what way do they resemble them?"

"Dey both gamble—de four-legged ones gambol in de meaders, and the two-legged ones gamble in Wall Street."

"Great Scott!" gased Ryland. "You are wast-

ing your time shining shoes. You ought to contribute to a comic weekly."

"That's right, young fellow. You're hiding your light under a bushel."

"I don't think so. I'm de son dat shines for all."

"For the love of Moses! Let us go, Rugford. This boy is a born humorist."

Rugford handed Jimmy a dime, waved back the nickel, and the two traders walked away. Next morning Jimmy was doing business in front of the Sub-treasury when a tough-looking newsboy named Patsy Boyle came along. Boyle was a bully and a sneak. His chief amusement was to lord it over smaller newsies and bootblacks, and make life miserable for them. They all hated him, and tried to keep out of his way. As Jimmy was a husky boy of his own age and size, he had made only one attempt to bulldoze him, and finding that it didn't work, he had not repeated the attempt, though he itched to do up the bootblack some way. There was an Italian selling bananas off a cart in front of the Sub-treasury when Patsy turned out of Nassau street. He saw the pile of bananas and his mouth watered for one. He walked up to the vendor and, pointing at a large one, asked him the price.

"T'ree-a cent; two for five," replied the Italian. Patsy had the price, but he didn't want to pay it.

"Give you two cents," he said.

"No sell-a for two cent. Make-a no mon'."

"Dey ain't wort' t'ree cents."

"All-a right. You no have to buy. Take-a you hand off. You spoil-a da fruit. Make-a eet all-a same da mush. Stand-a back!"

The Italian shoved him away with his elbow. That made Patsy as mad as a hornet, particularly as he wanted a banana very much.

"Who you shovin'? T'ink yer own de street?" he snarled.

"No own-a da street; own-a da banan'," responded the vendor.

"Give me one for two cents, and I'll owe you de udder penny," said Patsy, who had not the slightest idea of paying the third cent at any time.

"Not-a much. No trust."

During the altercation Jimmy had been shining a man's shoes close by. The customer paid him and walked off.

"What are you kickin' about, Patsy Boyle?" he asked the bully, as he replaced his tools of trade in his box.

"None of yer business, yer lobster," retorted Patsy.

Jimmy grinned. He felt in the humor for tantalizing the bully.

"What are you tryin' to do—skin de Dago out of a cent?" he said.

"Do yer want a punch in de snoot?" snorted Boyle.

"You can't hand it to me," said Jimmy, getting up.

"W'at's dat? If yer open yer trap ag'in I'll shut it wit' me fist!" roared Patsy threateningly.

"You only think you will," said Jimmy. "You are nothin' but a big bluff. You kick de little chaps around, but you're afraid to tackle a fellow of your size."

That was more than the bully could stand. With a howl of rage he dropped the three papers he had left, rushed suddenly at Jimmy, but instead of hitting him with his fists, he gave him a shove that sent him violently against the banana cart. Over went the cart, and Jimmy with it. All the bananas were dumped into the street, and a passing automobile crushed a score of them, reducing them to pulp, some of which stuck to the wheels. Patsy took to his heels as the Italian, in a furious passion, pounced on the luckless Jimmy.

"I fix-a you for dis!" cried the Italian, who then yelled 'Police!' at the top of his voice, as a crowd began to collect.

A policeman happened to be at hand, and he came forward. He had not seen how the trouble occurred, for he had stopped to shoo a bunch of bootblacks away from the gutter where they had been matching pennies. There was one person close by who had seen the whole occurrence. This person was John Barrington, the old broker, on his way to his office. As soon as the Italian saw the officer he dragged Jimmy toward him.

"Arrest-a dees boy," he cried, in a sputtering tone. "He knock-a over da cart and spill-a all da banan'. I lose-a heap mon'. Run-a him in. I go 'long soon I pick up-a da fruit and make-a da charge. I send-a him to pris', bet-a you life."

The policeman seized Jimmy. He believed the boy guilty on the strength of the Italian's statement. Anyway, he had a grouch against street boys in general, for they gave him a lot of trouble on his beat.

"I didn't knock de cart over," protested Jimmy. "I was shoved against it."

"Dat-a do to tell. You hold-a him, cop. He bad-a boy. Make-a great troub'," said the rattled vendor.

"Come along, you young rascal. You'll get six months for this," said the policeman, yanking Jimmy forward.

"Stop, officer!" cried the old broker, coming up and extending his arm in protest as the policeman seized Jimmy. "That lad is not the guilty one."

"Dat's right," put in the boy; "it was Patsy Boyle dat upset de cart."

"No-a, no-a!" cried the Italian; "dis is da boy. I catch-a him in da muss."

The broker insisted that Jimmy was innocent, and told what he had seen.

"Here is my card, officer. I am a broker. My office is below here, in the Seneca Building. I know this lad to be a good boy. I will be responsible for him," he said.

The policeman didn't need the old gentleman's card in order to recognize him. John Barrington had long been a familiar personage in the Street, and the officer had seen him many times, and knew him by name and reputation. He was ready to take the old broker's word against all the Italian fruit dealers in the city. So he releaved Jimmy and ordered the Dago to pick up his fruit before it became more scattered and obstructed the street.

The Italian made a great protest against the release of the boy, who he was satisfied had maliciously upset his cart. A dollar's worth of his fruit had been ruined, and all his profit gone for the day. The policeman threatened to run him

and his cart in if he didn't pick up his fruit, some of which had been sneaked away by the kids that had flocked around. Jimmy thanked the old broker for coming to his aid, explaining exactly how the affair had happened, which Mr. Barrington already knew. The boy accompanied the old gentleman part way down the block and then went back to the corner, fully resolved to call Patsy Boyle to account for the shove.

CHAPTER III.—Jimmy Gets a Messenger Job.

Promptly at half-past three on Friday afternoon Jimmy Long walked into John Barrington's office, on the third floor of the Seneca Building, and asked for the broker. At that moment the old broker came to his door and he saw the boy.

"Good afternoon, Jimmy," he said pleasantly, to the clerk's surprise. "Come right in. You're on time to the minute."

Jimmy turned his back on the clerk and walked into the private room. The broker pointed to the chair beside his desk, and Jimmy took it. After giving some directions to the dude clerk, the old gentleman closed the door and went to his desk.

"You've expressed a wish to get a position in Wall Street as a messenger?" he began.

"Yes, sir; dat would be de height of my ambition," answered the boy.

"You have attended school in the district where you lived before you were thrown upon your own resources?"

"Yes, sir."

"You look very bright and intelligent, though your speech savors of the company you have associated with."

"Dat is a fact, sir, but I'm tryin' to improve it. If I could get a steady job in Wall Street, I'd break away from de crowd I run with, and go to night school."

"An excellent resolution. I believe you would keep to it."

"I certainly would, sir," said Jimmy earnestly. "I want to grow up and amount to somethin', but it's hard to do much as long as one has to shine shoes for a livin'."

"You are well acquainted with Wall Street, I take it, and could get around to the different buildings without any difficulty?"

"I know de financial district like a book, and de whole city, for dat matter."

"Well, Jimmy, I formed a favorable impression of you the other day when we met in Bowling Green Park, and you seem to improve on acquaintance. I am going to do something for you—something I think will please you. I am going to take you into my office."

"Your office, sir?" exclaimed Jimmy, in surprise.

"Yes. My office boy informed me this morning that he is going to leave. His parents are going back to Chicago where they formerly lived, and, of course, he has to go with them. That makes a vacancy, and I offer it to you, believing you will make good."

"If I don't, it won't be my fault, sir."

"I am satisfied you will do your best, and you can depend on my encouragement."

"Gosh! Dere ain't nothin' I won't do for you."
 "You will start in Monday morning at nine o'clock. I will advance you the price of a reasonable suit, a hat and a new pair of shoes. You will want a new tie, too. I would rather do that than have you take your money out of the News-boys' Bank, as long as you make that place your home. When you change your lodgings you can remove the money to a regular savings institution."

"Dat's kind of you."

"I would advise you to discontinue blacking shoes for the rest of the week. Give your outfit to some boy who needs such a means of livelihood. Purchaset your new clothes, and accustom yourself to the fact that you are going to start in life in a proper way, with a chance to advance yourself as fast as you deserve a rise up the ladder. Remember, I am your friend, and that I shall take a lively interest in you. The better you please me by your general conduct the more satisfied I'll be that I have made no mistake in picking you off the street and giving you a chance that might not have otherwise come to you."

"If I don't do de right thing, you can bounce me."

"It would pain me very much if you disappointed me. I should lose some faith in the conviction I have formed that all a smart boy needs, be his position in life what it may, is the opportunity to show what is in him."

"I'll do my best, sir. Dat is all I can say," said Jimmy.

"Now listen to me while I give you some advice as to how you should conduct yourself in this office and when you visit the different offices you will be sent to with messages."

Jimmy paid strict attention to all the old broker said, and promised to adhere to the lines laid down for his benefit. Then he was told he could go.

"Report here on Monday morning at nine o'clock. I will tell the cashier who has charge of the counting room, and under whose orders you will largely be, about your coming, and he will talk to you when he arrives," said Mr. Barrington.

Jimmy got up, made a bow, and left the room. The dude clerk was not in sight when he passed through the reception room, and Jimmy was glad of it, for now that he was coming to work in the office he did not want to have any more words with him. When he reached the corner he met some of his friends there. He also saw the Italian whose cart he had accidentally upset. The man gave him a black look, for nothing would convince him that Jimmy was not wholly to blame in the matter, for he had not seen Boyle give him the shove.

"Where have yer been, Jimmy?" said a newsy named Bob Short.

"In the office of a broker."

"Shinin' up his shoes, eh?"

"No, I'm out of de business."

"Out of de business! What yer mean by dat?"

"I've retired from de shoe-blackin' biz for good."

"Yes yer have!" said Short ironically. "I see yer've got yer outfit wit' yer jest de same. What yer tryin' ter give me?"

"I'm goin' to give it away to de first boy dat wants it."

"Oh, yer are?" grinned Short.

"Dat's a fact, Bob, and no jokin'. I'm goin' to work Monday morning as a broker's messenger."

"You are!" said Short, with the accent on the you."

"I'm hired by Mr. John Barrington, of de Seneca Buildin'."

"W'at! De oldest broker in Wall Street?"

"I don't know about dat, but he ain't as young as he was once."

"You're givin' me taffy, ain't yer, Jimmy?"

"No. You'll see me runnin' with messages next week in a new suit."

"When I see yer doin' it, I'll believe yer."

"Shine, boy," said a pedestrian, looking at Jimmy.

"Sorry, sir, but I've retired from blackin' shoes. Try dat chap down de street. He'll shine your shoes in good style."

The man went on, and Short stared at Jimmy.

"Say, is dis de real goods you've been tellin' me?" he said, much impressed by Jimmy turning down a chance to earn a nickel.

"Did you ever know me to tell a lie, Bob?" said Jimmy.

"No; but you're always crackin' jokes."

"What I told you ain't no joke. It's a fact."

"You're goin' to work for de old broker?"

"Sure's you live I am—on Monday morning."

"Hully gee! De fellers will have a fit when dey hear about it."

"I can't help dat. Dere ain't nothin' in blackin' shoes except a livin', and I'm out for somethin' better."

"How much is de broker goin' to pay yer?"

"All I'm worth to him."

"How much is dat?"

"I ain't sayin'."

"What yer afraid of?"

"Nothin'. But it ain't business to tell everythin' you know."

"Maybe yer gettin' proud now dat yer got a reg'lar job."

"Don't you believe it. I don't intend to put on any airs because I'm gettin' up in de world. You'll find me just de same next week as you do now."

"You won't shake me den?"

"Sure I won't. Why should I?"

"Some fellers would get a swelled head and wouldn't notice deir old friends any more."

"I'm not one of dat kind. I never go back on my friends."

"All right, Jimmy. I'm glad yer got a good steady job. I wish I had one like it. It would soot me first rate to work for a broker."

"Oh, well, you might catch on by and by. I got dis job just by accident."

"How did yer git in wit' de old man?"

"Oh, he took a shine to me. Said I looked smart, and as his boy was leavin' de office he told me he'd give me de chance to get a start."

"Dat was good of him. It ain't every broker dat would do such a t'ing for a bootblack."

"Dat's right. He's as nice as dey come. I wouldn't want a better boss."

Jimmy then bade Bob good-by and started up Nassau street. He had \$10 in his pocket, given him by the old broker, and after disposing of his

outfit, he was going to buy his new clothes and other things he needed.

CHAPTER IV.—Jimmy Begins Work As a Broker's Boy.

When Jimmy Long came to Mr. Barrington's office on Monday morning hardly any one would have recognized him as the same Jimmy who had appeared a few days since with his bootblackening outfit in his hand. It was ten minutes of nine when he tried the door and found it locked. He was the first comer, and he had to wait till the junior clerk, who had the key, turned up and opened the door.

"Are you the new office boy?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"Well, here's the key. You've got to carry it and open up after this. You want to be here about this time, not later, every morning. Pick up that mail and take it into the private room. What's your name?"

Jimmy told him.

"What other office have you worked in?"

"No other office, except a printin' office."

"Worked in a printing shop, did you? Left to come here, I suppose? Who recommended you to the old man?"

"Nobody."

"You must have had some reference."

"Mr. Barrington didn't ask me for any."

"No? Then somebody he knows got him to take you on. You can't get a position in such an office as this without some kind of backing. Where do you live?"

"Chambers street," said Jimmy indefinitely.

He didn't want to say that he lived at the Newsboys' Lodging House, which stood at the junction of Chambers and Duane streets.

"Chambers!" said the clerk. "That's a business street."

Jimmy knew it was.

"I live east of Park Row," he said.

The clerk not being familiar with the character of the street that far over, let it go at that.

"You said you worked in a printing office?"

"Dat's right."

The clerk began to notice the boy's pronunciation, and he looked hard at him.

"What did you do there?"

"I ran errands, carried bundles and helped around in the composin' room."

Here the dude clerk and another came in.

"This is our new office boy," said the junior clerk, whose name was Wakeley.

There was something familiar about Jimmy's countenance to the dude clerk, whose name was Clarence Stedman, that he stared at him.

"I've seen you somewhere before, haven't I?" he said.

"Maybe so," replied Jimmy.

"What's your name?"

"Jimmy Long."

The dude jumped nearly a foot.

"Are you the chap who was in here the other day?"

"Yes," admitted Jimmy, who saw he was recognized.

"You had shabby clothes on then, and carried a shoeblackening box," sneered the clerk.

"What if I did?" replied Jimmy defiantly.

"So Mr. Barrington has hired a bootblack to carry messages," said the dude, with a look of disgust. "That's the limit."

"No, it isn't," retorted Jimmy. "You're the limit yourself. I told you dat you had as many airs as a hand organ. But you're worse dan any hand organ I ever seen. De style you try to put on would make an organ grinder's monkey sick."

"How dare you talk that way to me?" cried the dude, in a rage.

"Because you hit at me about my clothes and de shoeblackening box, dat's why. If you were a gent, you wouldn't have done it. You've shown what you are—a cheap sport."

"I'll report your conduct to Mr. Barrington as soon as he comes in," cried the dude clerk, wild with rage.

"Tell him. What do I care? You can't expect anythin' else from a hog but a grunt."

The other two clerks were astonished at the turn affairs had taken. While Stedman was not over-popular in the counting room by reason of his supercilious ways, still he was the most important employee next to the cashier, and occupied the second bookkeeper's desk. Jimmy's anger gave him away, and showed that his training had been rather loose. That the old broker would knowingly hire a bootblack for office boy seemed past belief, but from Stedman's statement and the boy's talk and style it appeared that he had.

The clerks dropped Jimmy in haste, entered the counting room and began to talk the matter over in anything but a complimentary way toward Jimmy. Stedman swore he'd have him put out of the office or he'd leave himself. In the midst of their talk the stenographer, a pretty little girl named May Fox, came in, closely followed by the cashier, whose name was Brown.

"You're Jimmy Long," said Brown to the new boy.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy respectfully.

"Follow me to my desk."

Jimmy did so, and waited while the cashier opened the big safe and handed out the books and papers used by the clerks, who regarded the new boy with plain disfavor. Then Brown asked Jimmy where he lived, and other questions. As the old banker had confided to his cashier the truth about the boy, Brown was, on the whole, rather favorably impressed by him. Cashier Brown gave Jimmy some points as to his line of duty, and then told him to take his seat outside until he was wanted. When a visitor called to see Mr. Barrington he was directed to get the gentleman's name and take it in to the old broker first. If the caller was a stranger to the old gentleman, Jimmy would probably be told to find out his business before admitting him. At a quarter of ten Mr. Barrington entered his room by way of his private door off the corridor. He immediately pushed a button, and a buzzer near Jimmy's chair sounded. The boy knew that was a signal from the boss that he was wanted, so he went in.

"Good morning, Mr. Barrington," he said politely.

"Good morning, Jimmy. You're on hand, I see, and you look quite the young gentleman now,"

said the old gentleman, inspecting him with approval. "Assist me off with my overcoat, and hang it in the closet yonder. Clothes make a great change in one. There's an old saying that clothes make the man. Of course they do not really, but they add to his outward appearance. People are largely judged by the clothes they wear. An ill-dressed, slouchy-looking man is more or less shunned, even if he is known to have money. Self-respecting people don't like to be seen in his company, even if they personally know he is all right, for a man is judged by the company he keeps. So, Jimmy, you will understand that a brand-new suit, with a clean collar and nicely polished shoes, have made a great improvement in you—so much, indeed, that I would hardly have recognized you had I met you on the street. Now you can go back to your chair outside, but first tell the cashier that I have come."

Jimmy informed Mr. Brown of the old broker's arrival, and then sat down. The old gentleman sorted out the mail which Jimmy had laid on his desk, looked the letters over, and then pushed a button that rang a buzzer beside the stenographer. Miss Fox took her notebook and went into the private room to take dictation. At that moment the outer door opened and Broker Ryland came in. Jimmy got up and went over to him. He recognized the visitor as one of the two foxy brokers whose shoes he had shined on the corner of Broad and Beaver streets the afternoon he met Mr. Barrington for the first time. He remembered his name, and he said:

"Do you want to see Mr. Barrington, Mr. Ryland?"

"Yes," replied the trader, not recognizing the boy as the former bootblack, though it struck him he had seen the lad before. He noted that Jimmy was a new subordinate, and guessed he was filling the shoes of the other office boy, either temporarily or permanently. Jimmy went into the private room and announced that Mr. Ryland was outside.

"Show him in," said the old gentleman.

"Go right in, Mr. Ryland," said Jimmy, when he came out.

"I see you know me," said the broker. "I've seen you before, somewhere. Ever been in my office?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy, who did not care to enlighten the visitor about the circumstances under which they last met.

Ryland said no more and went in to see Barrington.

"I wonder what he'd say if he knew I was the shoeblack who paralyzed him and his friend, Rugford, with my jokes?" chuckled Jimmy. "He'd surely be astonished."

"I see you've got a new boy," said Ryland, as he took a seat beside the old man's desk.

"Yes. My other boy left, as his folks are going to Chicago to live," replied Barrington. "This young fellow is on trial, but I have an idea he'll make good."

"He looks as bright as a new dollar. I've seen him before somewhere, but I do not recall where. He worked for some other broker, I suppose, before coming here."

The old gentleman did not say whether his new boy had or not, but asked his visitor what he

could do for him. About this time the cashier sent Jimmy out on his first errand.

"Take this note to Mr. Crosby, of Crosby & Co., No. — Broad street," said Mr. Brown. "It is important and you must go there as quick as you can. If he isn't in, find out if he has gone to the Exchange. In that case, take it over there. Go in at the messengers' entrance and ask an attache to point out the gentleman."

"Yes, sir. I'll see dat he gets it," and Jimmy started off with a rush.

CHAPTER V.—Jimmy's First Day As a Messenger.

Jimmy passed Patsy Boyle a few steps above the building. That lad did not recognize him in his improved get-up. As Jimmy cut across the street he saw his friend, Bob Short, standing near the Morgan bank.

"Hello, Bob!" he said, as he passed him.

Bob Short looked after him, but did not know him either.

"I wonder who dat was?" he asked himself. "I guess he didn't speak to me, but some feller behind me."

Jimmy went on to Crosby's office and found the broker in. He was admitted to the private room and handed the note to the gentleman he saw at the desk. The broker opened the note and read it.

"All right. I'll attend to the matter," said Crosby, without looking at him.

Jimmy hurried back and reported the broker's answer. In a few minutes he was sent out again—this time to the Johnston Building, up the street. The man he had to deliver his note to had his office on the sixth floor, and so Jimmy took the elevator up. He found the office all right and walked in. A well-dressed lad of about his own age came forward.

"Is Mr. Bruce in?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, but he's engaged. What's your business?"

"I've brought a note from Mr. Barrington's office."

"What's the matter with Fred Hoyt?"

That was the name of Jimmy's predecessor.

"Nothin' dat I know of. I've taken his place."

"Has he left the old man's?"

"He has. He's goin' to Chicago."

"What's he goin' to Chicago for?"

"'Cause his father and mother are goin' there. Say, how long will I have to wait?"

"Till Mr. Bruce is disengaged."

"How long will dat be?"

"Say, what are you talking like a street kid for? Trying to guy me?"

"Don't you like my talk?" said Jimmy, firing up.

"You needn't try to put on any frills with me. Where did Barrington pick you up?"

"What's dat to you?"

"Aw, cut that lingo. You make me weary. Give me your note. I'll take it in to the boss. Any answer?" as Jimmy handed him the envelope.

"I don't know. If dere is, fetch it out to me."

The boy went in and presently came out and

said there was no answer. Jimmy started for the door.

"Hold on," said the office boy.

"What do you want?" said Jimmy, stopping.

"You forgot to tip your hat to me," grinned the other.

"Excuse me. I didn't know dat you was of so much importance," said Jimmy, taking off his hat and making a low, ironical bow. "See dat you do de same when you come-over to our place, if you ever do, or I'll run you out of de office."

Then Jimmy opened the door and left. On his way back he encountered Patsy Boyle again. Patsy had a small bootblack by the ear, and the little chap was making a great protest. Jimmy raised his hand and brought it down with some force on Patsy's cap.

"Cut it out, you big bully!" he said.

Then he gave Boyle a shove into the gutter and went on. The tough was as mad as a hornet when he turned around and saw that a messenger had thumped him.

"I'll git square wit' yer, you lobster!" he shouted.

Jimmy didn't take any notice, so Patsy didn't get a look at his face. Halfpast twelve came around and Jimmy was sitting in his chair. Miss Fox came out.

"I am not going out to lunch to-day," she said. "I would like you to go down to the lunch house on Pine street in this building and get me what I've written on that paper. Here's the money. Tell Mr. Brown what you are leaving the office for."

"All right, miss," said Jimmy, jumping up.

He told the cashier where he was going and Brown said all right. He found that Miss Fox wanted two sandwiches and a piece of pie. It didn't take him long to fetch the order to her desk.

"Thank you," said the young lady, with a smile.

"You're welcome," said Jimmy. "Glad to be of service to you."

The stenographer smiled again, and asked him to hand a typewritten paper to Carence Stedman.

"De young lady told me to give you dis," said Jimmy to the second bookkeeper.

Stedman glared at him. He seemed about to say something, but thought better of it, and Jimmy returned to his seat outside. Visitors came and went, and several remained to look at the ticker tape. Jimmy heard them discussing the market, which appeared to be rising. Mr. Barrington was over at the Exchange, and presently the cashier called the boy and told him to take a note over to the old man. Jimmy delivered it without difficulty and was coming out at the messengers' entrance when he ran into Bob Short.

"How are you makin' out to-day, Bob?" he said.

Bob stared at him and then recognized him.

"Hully gee! Is dat really you, Jimmy?" he said.

"Sure it's me, Bob. Didn't you know me in my new clothes?"

"Gosh, no. Yer don't look like de same feller. Yer a reg'lar dood now."

"I'm no dood. We've got one in de office, dough."

"Have yer? How do yer like yer job?"

"Fine as silk, Bob. I feel as if I amounted to somethin' now."

"Yer look it, old chap. Dere's a hull lot of diff'rence 'tween blackin' boots and workin' in a broker's office."

"Bet your life. I'm suited to de queen's taste."

Then it occurred to Jimmy that he was wasting time, so he told Bob he must go, and started back to the office. At a quarter of three Brown called on him to go to the bank with the day's deposits.

"You've never been in a big commercial bank, I suppose?" he said.

Jimmy admitted that he had not.

"I'll send Wakeley with you to show you the ropes."

He called the junior clerk over and told him to accompany Jimmy to the bank and show him how to put the money in. Wakeley wasn't stuck on the job, but he had to do as he was told.

"So you were a bootblack before you came here?" he said to Jimmy, when they got out into the corridor.

"Suppose I was? It isn't any disgrace to earn an honest livin' shinin' shoes, is it?"

"You told me you worked in a printing office."

"So I did for a while."

"Why didn't you stick to that business? I should think it would suit you better than your present job."

"This suits me all right," said Jimmy curtly.

"Does Mr. Barrington know you were a bootblack?"

"Yes."

"I don't see how he came to hire you, then."

"You'd better ask him, if you're curious."

Here the elevator came along, and they stepped on board of it.

"You called to see the boss last week, Stedman told us," continued Wakeley, when they got out off the elevator.

"Yes."

"That's when he took you on?"

"Yes."

"Stedman says you were cheeky and insulting to him."

"If I was, it was his fault."

"You insulted him this morning before us. If you expect to stay here you'll have to act differently. If Stedman should complain to Mr. Barrington, you'd get pulled over the coals. He stands next to the cashier in the office."

"I don't care who he stands next to. He ain't a gentleman or he wouldn't have talked to me de way he did. I won't let no dood like him sit on my neck. I'll treat him de way he treats me, and you can tell him so," said Jimmy.

"You're foolish to get him down on you, and you're liable to get the whole office down on you, too. Then you're likely to lose your job."

"Are de clerks runnin' de office?" asked the boy sarcastically.

"No, of course not; but they can make things unpleasant for you."

"De fact of de matter is dat you fellers don't like me because I was a bootblack. You think I ain't good enough to associate with. You fellers can keep on thinkin' so. I ain't askin' no favors. I mean to attend to business right up to de handle. I'm workin' for Mr. Barrington and not for de clerks. If Mr. Barrington isn't ashamed to

take me into his office, knowing dat I was a bootblack. I don't see no reason why you fellers should worry about de matter. It isn't a square deal to jump on a chap who hasn't had the same chances dat you've had. Maybe you think I haven't any feelin's? If you fellers don't like me, you can leave me alone. I won't bother you. Maybe some time you'll find I'm all right."

"Well, I guess you're right, Jimmy," said Wakeley. "I'll talk to Jackson and Stedman. Jackson isn't a bad fellow, though he is kind of set against you because Stedman said it was an outrage that a bootblack should be given a position in the office where some day he might get into the counting room, and then they'd have to associate with him. I don't think I can do anything with Stedman. He's dead sore on you for what you said to him, more than he is because you're a bootblack. But you needn't worry about what he can do if you keep shy of him. He's got a big opinion of himself, but nobody else in the office has. If Jackson and I find you're a good fellow, you'll have no trouble. Here's the bank."

They went in and Wakeley took his place at the end of the depositors' line.

"You see this line is strung away from the receiving teller's window?"

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"That's the window you have to go to in order to make a deposit. You follow the line till you come to the window, and then you put the book in just as you'll see me do," said Wakeley.

When they left the bank ten minutes later Jimmy was wise to the method.

By the end of the week Jimmy was in favor with everybody in the office with the exception of Clarence Stedman. Jimmy left the Newsboys' Lodging House and went to board with a Mrs. Cassidy on Christopher street.

Next day as he was passing a money broker's office a man came rushing out, thrusting a package of money into his pocket. A clerk came out crying, "Stop thief." Jimmy gave chase to the thief, and caught him down on South street after the man had turned his ankle, making it impossible for him to run fast. He saw he was caught, so threw the package of money into a hallway. Jimmy was forced to let go the thief or lose the money; so he did the former, and when he got the money and came out the man was missing. Jimmy returned the money to the broker's office, and that party gave him a \$100 bill for his own use. When he got back to the office he explained to his boss what had kept him, and that gentleman complimented him.

Jimmy noticed next day that A. & B. was going up, so he planked his \$100 on that stock, and when he sold it he had netter \$180 profit.

CHAPTER VI.—Clarence Stedman's Weakness.

The A. & B. boom had hardly collapsed when another started in L. & W. Jimmy was right on the job with his \$200, and he acquired 20 shares at 80. He had acquired a few kinks about the market through his first deal, and one of them was that he must know when to sell out if he was going to win. But where is the speculator who

can accurately guess the right moment that he ought to close out his deal?

The successful speculator tries to anticipate the right time. He sells while everything looks lovely. In this way he pulls out at a moderate profit and lets others try for the greater gains. Jimmy was on excellent terms with Miss Fox, the stenographer, and when L. & M. had gone up five points he could not resist the inclination to tell the young lady how he soon expected to be worth enough money to buy a bank.

"Why, Jimmy, are you really speculating?" she said.

"You can bet your week's wages I am," he replied.

"You foolish boy; you'll lose all your money."

"Me lose all my money! Don't you worry about dat. Why, I more dan doubled my money on my first deal last week."

"You did?"

"I made \$18 a share profit on ten shares."

"You were remarkably lucky. I'm afraid you won't repeat your success."

"I'm five points ahead on dis deal at dis moment."

"Then you had better sell out."

"It's too soon to do dat yet. When it goes up five more I'll think about it."

"But it might not go up five more. It might go down five, and then you'd be out your profit."

"Dat's right; but I'm goin' to take a chance on it."

Miss Fox shook her head deprecatingly.

"I don't want to see you lose your money, Jimmy."

"You won't see it, Miss Fox. If de money goes, I'll save up some more and try my luck again."

"But three hundred dollars is a lot of money for a boy like you to risk in such an uncertain thing as stock speculation. Don't you know that most speculators lose?"

"No. How do you make dat out? I thought dey won most of de time."

"Not at all. It's a well-known fact that they lose."

"If dey do, why do dey keep in de game?" said Jimmy, not convinced.

"People with an itch for gambling never know enough to quit till they are broke, and then they have to."

Jimmy walked away with some food for thought. He began to consider if he hadn't better sell out his thirty shares. He had half made up his mind to do so when he was sent to the Exchange. There the blackboard showed that L. & M. had gone up another point, and there seemed to be considerable excitement over the stock. He decided to hold on. Later he accidentally found out that both Wakeley and Jackson were in on the same stock and were looking for it to go to 90. They had bought it at 83. Jimmy came to the conclusion that Miss Fox didn't know what she was talking about.

"Girls always think they know everythin'," he said to himself. "Somebody has been stuffin' her with de idea dat stock speculation is a losin' game. Maybe it is with some people, but it can't be with de majority or de brokers wouldn't do de business they're doin'."

So Jimmy held on and L. & M. went up to 90. As he heard Wakeley say it wouldn't be safe to

hold on for a higher price, he went to the little bank the next time he was out and sold his thirty shares. They went at 90 3-8 and his statement showed he had won \$300. When he got the money he showed it to Miss Fox—six \$100 bills.

"Dey look good, don't dey?" he said, spreading them out on her desk.

"Yes, Jimmy. You are more fortunate than I expected you would be. Now that you are so much ahead, I hope you will put the money in the savings bank and not take any more chances."

"I'll consider your advice, Miss Fox," said the boy, who, however, had no intention of following it.

He had made \$480 so easily that he had no idea of giving up the game. He heard Wakeley and Jackson talking about the profit they had made, and he felt satisfied they knew what they were about. They had been employed in Wall Street several years, and he reasoned that they ought to know something about the risks of stock speculation.

Jimmy noticed that Clarence Stedman was sweet on Miss Fox. He went to her desk on the slightest excuse and wasted many minutes talking with her. Whether the stenographer appreciated this attention on the part of the dude of the office the boy didn't know. He had an idea that all girls liked to be made much of by nice-looking young men. As far as appearances went Stedman would have been regarded as a catch for any girl. He was good looking, dressed swell for a clerk, and had a good position in the office, with prospects of eventual advancement to cashier if that job became vacant through any cause. Jimmy didn't like Stedman, chiefly because the dude maintained a steady hostility toward him.

Although Jimmy had adopted a polite attitude toward the second bookkeeper to try and conciliate him, it had no effect, for Stedman could not get over the conduct of the boy when he first came to the office. Having accumulated a grudge against Jimmy, he maintained it. That was his nature. They had no further scrap because Jimmy took no notice of his sharp words when business brought them together. Wakeley and Jackson didn't like Stedman because he put on airs, and treated them in a condescending way. They regarded themselves as every bit as good as he, but policy induced them to hide their sentiments. Now that Jimmy had money "to burn," and dressed well and had a good job, he thought himself quite a man. He went to night school to improve himself, and Saturday evenings, when there was no school, he could often be found in the theater district watching the sights in that gay locality.

One Saturday night a flurry of rain came on and Jimmy retreated to the entrance of an office building adjoining one of the theaters on Broadway. The inner glass door was open on one side and he went behind the other half. He had not been there more than a minute before two men ran in and stopped in the outside vestibule. The younger one looked familiar to him, and taking a closer inspection of him, the boy saw he was Clarence Stedman. The other was taller and heavier, as well as older. He had a heavy black drooping mustache, and looked like a sporting man. Nothing was said between them for a few moments, then the sport broke the silence.

"Well, what are you going to do about that I O U, Stedman?" he asked.

"I told you I couldn't take it up yet."

"But I've got to have the money," said the sport in a decided tone.

"I'm sorry, but you can't get blood out of a stone."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "If I should call in at your office and see your respected employer, I fancy he'd make you honor the debt."

"That wouldn't do at all, Haskin," said Stedman hastily. "You'd only get me in a lot of trouble, and you wouldn't get the money any quicker."

"I think I would. It's my opinion you'll come up before you let me call on your boss."

"I tell you I can't come up."

"I'll let you off a month for \$100."

"I haven't got \$100, or even \$25."

"Then you must raise it. Borrow it from your friends."

"Impossible!"

"Oh, all right, then I'll call down in Wall Street on Monday morning."

"If you do, you'll ruin me," said Stedman, in a panic.

"That's your funeral, not mine. You owe me the money. It's a debt of honor, and such debts are expected to be paid promptly."

"You won it from me at cards; for that reason, as it's all profit to you, you should let me down easy. I'm not a Cræsus."

"The fact that it's all profit has nothing to do with the case. I make my living at card playing. Sometimes I'm flush, and sometimes I'm pinched. Just now I'm infernally hard up and that's why I'm pressing you. I understand that it would hurt you if I call on your boss. I'd rather not do it, but charity begins at home when a man needs the ready. You're practically head bookkeeper at your place. If I were in your shoes, I'd borrow the money from the safe till you can return it."

"I have nothing to do with handling the money at the office. That's the cashier's province."

"Your desk is near his, isn't it?"

"Right behind."

"I thought so. He handles quite a bunch of money every day, doesn't he?"

"Yes, when the market is lively."

"How is the market now?"

"Very fair."

"I suppose he keeps it in the safe. Couldn't you manage to help yourself to \$100 without him seeing you?"

"Why, that would be stealing!" said Stedman, in a startled voice.

"Oh, no. You would merely borrow it. When you got flush again you'd put it back, of course," said the tempter.

"If I did such a thing as that the cashier would detect the loss when he made up his slip to send to the bank."

"Suppose he did? He wouldn't know where it went. He'd suppose he had made a mistake somewhere, and would make it all right himself. Then when you returned it he'd find himself \$100 ahead, and that would just balance him with the office."

"If I was caught lifting money that way——"

"Why should you be caught? Smart men never

are. You've been long enough in the office to know how to do the trick in a slick way."

"No," said Stedman. "It would worry me if I committed such an act. I really couldn't do it."

"All right. I merely offered the suggestion in a friendly way to help you out of your hole. You don't have to adopt it. I don't care how you get the money as long as you produce it Monday at two o'clock when I call at your office."

"I don't want you to come there. Your presence would cast suspicion on me."

"Sorry, but I'm coming. If you hand me \$100 I'll go away and give you a month to pay another \$100, or the balance, as it suits you. If you haven't the \$100, I'll go in and interview your boss."

"Do you want to give me a black eye there? Mr. Barrington might even discharge me, for he's a very particular old gentleman."

"No; but I've got to have the money."

"I don't know how I'm going to raise it in such a short time. Give me a few days more."

"As I don't want to be too hard on you, I'll put off my visit till Wednesday, if I don't hear from you in the meanwhile."

"That's only two days," protested Stedman.

"You ought to be able to do a whole lot in that time. It will stir you up. If I gave you a week, which I can't afford to do, you'd dawdle over the matter. Come, now, it's stopped raining."

The sport stepped outside and Stedman followed him like a man who felt that a heavy sentence hung over his head.

"Well, who'd have thought Stedman was a card player for money?" thought Jimmy, looking after them. "He's got himself in a nice hole, for dat chap he owes money to talks as if he meant business. If he called at de office and saw de boss about dat I O U. I'll bet there'd be somethin' doin'."

Then Jimmy left the building himself.

CHAPTER VII.—The Money Packet.

Jimmy's opinion of Clarence Stedman took a big drop after what he had overheard between that young man and the sport. The second bookkeeper was not such a nice young chap as he pretended to be. To look at him in the office, or on the street, you'd think he was most correct in all his habits. Jimmy had accidentally discovered one of his failings—he gambled for money. Considering the hostile attitude Stedman maintained toward him, Jimmy was in a position to get back at him if he chose to do so. That wasn't the boy's nature. When he turned up at the office on Monday he didn't tell Wakeley and Jackson what he had found out about Stedman, though he knew they'd be glad to hear about it. Stedman might be his enemy, but he wouldn't take any advantage of him, but he had a weapon he could privately use on the second bookkeeper if that young man made himself still more disagreeable toward him.

Jimmy kept his eyes out for another chance to get in on the stock market. He was more interested in that than in Stedman. The opportunity turned up that afternoon. He heard two brokers talking about a syndicate that had been formed

to corner and boom L. & D. They were not aware that the boy was taking in all they said in low tones.

Jimmy's ears were sharp, and he could hear things that most persons would miss. At any rate, he heard enough in this case to satisfy himself that L. & D. was a good thing to get in on, so that afternoon on his way home he dropped in at the little bank, just before its brokerage department closed, and ordered 50 shares of L. & D. bought for his account at the market, which was 85. It took \$500 of his \$600 to cover the margin, but that was all right. He was only sorry he did not have \$1,000, or even more, to put on more shares. He was wise enough now to understand that a five per cent. margin was too dangerous to invest on. Lots of people with small capital ran the risk and sometimes came out ahead, but he wouldn't do it. He had learned that the risk of stock speculation was big enough on a ten per cent. basis without voluntarily doubling it.

Wednesday came and then Jimmy thought of the sport, and wondered whether Stedman had been able to raise the \$100 to head him off. If he failed, Jimmy believed the sport would call and make trouble for the second bookkeeper. The cashier usually went out to his lunch at one o'clock. He had been out ten minutes when an American Express man called with a money package. It was a small package, and was labeled, "Value, \$100." Jimmy signed for it, took it into the counting room and laid it on the cashier's desk near the safe. Stedman was at his desk, but Wakeley and Jackson were out.

Miss Fox was also out to her lunch. Jimmy returned to his seat as a man came up to the cashier's window. He was one of Mr. Barrington's customers and Stedman came around to wait on him. Presently Stedman called Jimmy, handed him an envelope and told him to take it to the boss at the Exchange. Jimmy departed on his errand. When he got back, Stedman sent him out again, up to a stationer's on Nassau street for a small account book, handing him the money to pay for it.

As Mr. Barrington had a running account with the stationer, Jimmy thought this was odd till he figured that Stedman wanted the book for his private use.

When he got back, Cashier Brown was at his desk opening the express package. He didn't observe that one of the end seals had been broken and then fused together again, so that the company's stamp was spoiled across the break. He pulled out a letter, but there was no money in it. He shook the package and then examined it, but there was nothing there. The letter contained an order for the purchase of five Erie Railroad bonds, and the writer said he sent \$100 on account, the balance to be paid C. O. D. Brown looked at the address side of the wrapper and saw on it, "Value, \$100."

"Did you sign for this package, Stedman?" he asked.

"No, sir. Jimmy Long laid it on your desk, so I suppose he signed for it," replied Stedman.

The cashier called Jimmy.

"Did you sign for this packet and put it on my desk?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"All right."

Ten minutes later Jimmy carried a note from Brown to the manager of the express company. He brought an answer back. As he was passing along the corridor, he saw Stedman outside talking to Haskins, the sport. The sport was running over several \$10 bills Stedman had just passed him.

"Stedman raised de dough, after all. Lucky for him he was able to, for de sport is on de job, as he said he would be," said Jimmy to himself.

At that moment one of the bills escaped from the sport's fingers and blew in front of the boy. Jimmy picked it up and he noticed that it was a new bill bearing the name of the Cohoes National Bank. He handed it to Haskins as that individual stepped forward after it. Then he went in and handed the express manager's answer to Mr. Brown. Soon afterward Stedman returned to his desk.

Jimmy didn't know that there was anything the matter with the express package. His errand to the express office did not excite his curiosity, though it might have struck him that it had some connection with the packet. Ten minutes later one of the express manager's assistants came in, and after introducing himself to the cashier he was admitted to the counting room. There he made an inspection of the wrapper with a magnifying glass and he saw enough to show him that the packet had been tampered with, although the cashier had broken one of the seals. It happened that he broke the good seal and not the one which had been fused together.

"Who signed for this packet?" he said.

"Our office boy," replied the cashier.

"Is he in the place now?"

The cashier said he was and called Jimmy to the desk.

"You took this from the expressman?" said the visitor.

"Yes," said Jimmy, wondering what was wrong.

"Did you look at it to see that it was all right?"

"It was all right. It was tied with a cord, and both ends sealed with red wax."

"Did both the seals look alike to you?"

"I didn't take particular notice of them, but I know they were not broken."

"Who did you hand the packet to?"

"Nobody: I laid it on Mr. Brown's desk, near the safe."

"Is that where you found it?" he asked the cashier.

"Yes," replied Brown.

"You didn't notice anything wrong with one of the seals?"

"I did not. The packet was apparently in good shape."

"Who was in the counting room at the time you placed the packet on the desk?"

Jimmy said the second bookkeeper was the only one in the place, and he was at his desk at work.

"All you found in the packet was a letter?" said the visitor.

"That was all."

"And there should have been \$100 in addition."

"The writer said he inclosed that amount."

"Very well. Will you let me have the whole business? This matter will have to be carefully investigated."

Brown made certain notes, with the writer's name and address, from the letter, and then handed everything over to the caller, who went away. The manager of the company lost no time in telegraphing the agent in Cohoes for full particulars, and at the same time a detective was directed to give his attention to the two men of the delivery wagon. Jimmy was in the private room when Brown told the old broker about the affair.

"Who sent the packet?"

"Edward Street, of Cohoes," replied the cashier.

Jimmy pricked up his ears at that. It recalled to his mind the \$10 note bearing the name of the Cohoes National Bank, which he had seen Stedman pay with other bills to the sport, Haskins.

"Stedman needed \$100. I wonder if he swiped de money out of de express packet?" thought Jimmy, rather startled at the idea of Stedman being a thief.

Jimmy felt that the evidence was not strong enough against the second bookkeeper for him to mention his suspicions against Stedman. Besides, he realized that it was a delicate matter to throw suspicion on a young man who stood pretty good in the office. He knew that the express company was investigating the case, and he thought that the driver of the wagon which delivered money packages and his assistant were able to get into trouble over the affair. The more he thought the matter over the more it bothered him. Once or twice he decided to tell all he knew to the old broker and get it off his mind, but when he had the opportunity he backed down. He was about to go home for the day when a shrewd-looking man came into the office and asked for him.

"That's my name," said Jimmy. "What do you want?"

"It's from the express company and I want you to tell me how the man who handed you the packet acted. How did he come to ask you to sign for it? Why didn't he go to the cashier's window and call one of the clerks to take it if the cashier was not in?"

"He did go to de window. When I stepped up to him he said he had an express money package for Mr. Barrington. I told him I'd sign for it, as de cashier was out to his lunch, so he gave me de packet, I signed in his book, and he went away," said Jimmy.

"Are you authorized to receive such packages?" asked the man.

"I suppose so. I'm connected with de office."

"You're the office boy?"

"Yes."

"Who was in the counting room at the time?"

"De second bookkeeper, Mr. Stedman."

"Wasn't it his place to take that package instead of yours?"

"I won't say it wasn't, but he didn't come over to de window, so I signed for it," said Jimmy. "Mr. Brown didn't find any fault with me for doin' it."

"What did you do with the packet?"

"I put it on Mr. Brown's desk."

"You didn't notice that one of the seals had been tampered with?"

"No. Dey looked all right to me."

"That is all," said the caller. "Is that the cashier behind the window?"

"Yes. Do you know what kind of money was in de packet?"

"Why, bills, of course."

"I know dat; but what kind of bills—\$10 ones?"

"Why do you ask that question?" said the man, looking at him sahrply.

"Because I saw de second bookkeeper pay a man out in de corridor \$100 dat he owed him in \$10 bills, half an hour or so after de package came. One of de bills slipped out of de man's hands and I saw dat it had de name of de Cohoes National Bank on it."

"You saw that, eh?" said the man, picking up his ears. "You told the cashier, I suppose?"

"No, I did not. I didn't suppose dat money had anythin' to do with de money dat was supposed to have been in de packet."

"Why are you calling my attention to the fact now?"

"Well, you see, I was in de boss's room when de cashier told him dat a package supposed to contain \$100 had come to de office from a man named Edward Street, of Cohoes, and when he opened it dere was no money in it, and de express company was investigatin' de matter. When I heard dat it put me in mind of de \$10 bill de man dropped in de corridor."

"What was there singular in the man dropping a \$10 bill of the Cohoes National Bank? The bank has \$100,000 of notes in general circulation, and a great many of them are \$10 ones."

"I don't know nothin' about dat, but I thought it singular dat de second bookkeeper should be able to pay de man \$100 dat he owed him when I heard him tell de same man Saturday night dat he didn't have any money and couldn't pay him. Den de man said he'd call at de office on Wednesday, and he must have de money den or else he'd go in and see Mr. Barrington about it."

"What interest could Mr. Barrington have in the case?"

"No interest at all; but de man said dat to scare Stedman into gettin' de money for him."

"Oh, I see. The second bookkeeper's name is Stedman?"

"Yes."

"And he was the only person in the counting room when you put the packet on the cashier's desk?"

"Yes; but dat ain't sayin' dat he opened it an' took de money out."

"No, of course not. He's a trusted employee, I suppose?"

"I believe dat he is."

"Now, what's your object in telling me all this?"

"To get de suspfcion off my mind dat Stedman might have taken de money out of de packet to pay de sport and keep him from callin' on Mr. Barrington."

"So the man he owed the money to was a sport, eh?"

"I don't know dat he is, but he looks like one. At any rate, I heard him tell Stedman dat he made his livin' playin' cards."

"How came Stedman to owe him \$100?"

"He owed him \$300, and paid him de \$100 on account. De sport won it from him in a card game."

The visitor continued questioning Jimmy until he drew all the facts that the boy knew from

him. He learned enough to more than suspect that Stedman was the person who had abstracted the money.

"That's all, young man," he said finally. "I'm much obliged to you."

"You're welcome. I hope dat you won't find dat Stedman took de money, but it strikes me dat things look suspicious against him," said Jimmy. "I started to tell Mr. Barrington what I've told you, but I was kind of afraid to, because, you see, I couldn't prove anythin', and Stedman stands well in de office."

"Where do you live?"

Jimmy gave him his address, which the man wrote in his notebook. Then he left the office.

CHAPTER VIII.—Clearing Up the Money Packet Case.

The visitor, who was the express company's detective, went into the counting room and had a talk with the cashier. While talking with Brown he managed to get a good look at Stedman. He waited around the building until the office was closed for the day, and then shadowed the second bookkeeper up town, and saw him meet Haskins, the sport, in front of a well-known billiard parlor. That convinced him that Jimmy's story was true. When the two men parted he followed Haskins to a near-by saloon and accosted him.

"Your name is Haskins, I believe?" said the detective.

"Yes."

"You're a professional gambler?"

"Say, what's your game?"

"I'm a detective. The young man you just parted with owed you \$300, and he paid you \$100 on account about two o'clock to-day in the Seneca Building, where he is employed. Isn't that a fact?"

"I don't know that it is," replied the sport doggedly.

"But I know it is."

"If you do, why did you ask me?"

"I have a witness who saw Stedman pay you \$100."

"Well, what if he did?"

"I want to see the money he paid you, or a part of it."

"What for?"

"Because the bills were stolen from an express package."

"The deuce it was!"

"You received ten \$10 bills from Stedman, and one at least of them has been identified. Let me see the others."

"And suppose I won't? I don't see by what right——"

"If you refuse I shall arrest you and take you to the station house and charge you with taking stolen money," said the detective sharply.

"Have I got to give up the money? I didn't know it was stolen."

"You'll have to return it to Stedman—the identical bills you received from him."

"I've used one of them."

"In that case you can make that one good."

"Have you the authority for making this demand on me?"

"I have. I'm in the employ of the American Express Co.—one of their detectives. The money was stolen from one of their packages delivered this afternoon at the office of John Barrington, stock broker, by Stedman, a bookkeeper in the office. He owed you \$300. You pressed him for payment, agreeing to take \$100 on account, in default of which you threatened to expose him to his employer. He took the money to stave you off."

"I left Stedman only a short time ago, and he didn't act like a person who had been found out in a crooked piece of business."

"I know. You were waiting for him in front of the Criterion Billiard Parlors. After you parted with him I followed you here."

"So he stole that money, eh? I'm thinking that will settle his hash, and I'll never see the \$300 he owes me."

"You won't lose much, for you won it from him at cards."

"Suppose I did? I'm entitled to get it. It's a debt of honor."

"We won't discuss the matter. It lies between you and Stedman. Are you ready to accompany me to Stedman's boarding house?"

"Yes, if I have to."

"You can take your choice of going there or to the station house."

"I'll go with you."

"Very well. Come along."

They boarded a Sixth avenue train and rode uptown.

"Stedman told me he lived in Forty-fourth street," said the sport, as the detective made no move to get out at Forty-second street.

"Never mind what he told you," said the detective curtly.

The second bookkeeper did live in Forty-fourth street, but the sleuth was not taking Haskins to see him. His purpose was to make the sport restore the money to Mr. Brown, the cashier. He had nothing to do with the theft of the money by Stedman. All that the express management was interested in was to demonstrate that the packet was all right at the moment it passed out of their hands. In his endeavors to do this, the detective had found out all the facts of the case, and these facts he proposed to lay before the cashier. The cashier lived in a Seventh avenue apartment house in Harlem, and there the detective took Haskins. Mr. Brown was at dinner with his family when the visitors were announced. They were shown into the parlor and he came in to see them.

"I got to the bottom of the tampered express package, Mr. Brown," said the sleuth. "This man, who is a professional gambler, received the \$100 from Clarence Stedman in part payment of a gambling debt."

"From Stedman!" exclaimed the cashier, quite staggered by this statement. "I can't believe it."

"I have all the proof necessary to establish the fact, sir. I can produce a witness who saw Stedman hand this man the money, and who had the opportunity of seeing one of the bills—a new \$10 note of the Cohoes National Bank. Edward Street, who sent the packet, enclosed in it ten new \$10 bills bearing the name of the Cohoes National Bank. Produce the bills you received from Stedman," said the sleuth to Haskins.

The sport reluctantly brought them out—nine new \$10 bills in a roll, bearing the name of the Cohoes bank. The detective took them and handed them to Brown.

"The tenth bill was changed by this man. He will make it good."

Haskins produced \$10 in other bills.

"There, now you have the contents of the packet and the express company is out of it. Give me a receipt, in the company's name, for the \$100."

"I will do so, but you have made a very grave charge against a young gentleman who stands high in our office."

"Having made the charge, I will substantiate it, though it does not concern our company what happened to the money after Mr. Barrington received it in the usual course. The absence of the money from the packet raised a doubt as to whether it was in the enclosure when your boy signed for it, and made it necessary for the express company to investigate the matter, since the company is responsible for the contents of all packages it undertakes to deliver. While looking into the case, I got hold of all the facts, and they are at your service."

The detective then told the story he got from Jimmy, which practically covered the whole matter, and he had no trouble in getting the sport to corroborate it.

"You got all that from our Jimmy?" said Brown. "Why, he never said a word to either Mr. Barrington or me!"

"He wanted to, but he felt backward about charging Stedman with the theft of the money, which he would have been obliged to do. I got his story only by questioning him after he had made certain admissions that attracted my attention. I see no reason for you finding any fault with the boy for his silence. He has done us both a service in disclosing facts he accidentally came in possession of."

"How did he come in possession of them?" said the cashier.

"You will have to question him yourself. You have the contents of the packet, and that ends the express company's interest in the case. I have given you the facts for your information in case you choose to proceed against your faithful employee. You had better take down this man's name and address so you can find him should you wish to use him as a witness. That is all I have to say. As soon as you give me the receipt, I will go."

Brown took Haskins' name and the address he gave, gave the detective a receipt for the money, and the two men went away. The sleuth paid the sport's fare on the elevated and they parted at Thirty-third street. Haskins was so much enjoying the \$100 that he did not take the trouble to call on Stedman, or even to hunt him up that evening, to warn him of what he was up against. Mr. Brown finished his dinner, put on his hat and went to Mr. Barrington's residence in Madison avenue, where he lived in his own home with a married daughter, to acquaint him with the surprising outcome of the express packet investigation.

That the old broker was astonished and disturbed by the revelation may be taken for granted. Stedman had been in his employ for ten

years and had grown up from a messenger boy, in which position he had given perfect satisfaction. In fact, nothing could be brought against him except this particular charge. That he had become addicted to gambling was a conclusion that the evidence in the case revealed, and that was something Mr. Barrington detested above all things in anybody, but particularly in a rising young man, and especially an employee of his.

"I am sorry, very sorry, indeed, to hear this of Stedman. I had the greatest faith in him," he said solemnly.

"I judge he was driven to take the money owing to the gambler's threat to expose his questionable debt to him if he failed to pay a sum on account which he could not raise by ordinary means," said Brown. "It is probably his first transgression of the kind, so I hope you will let him down easy."

"I will hear what he has to say in the morning after I have listened to Jimmy's story," said the old broker.

That ended the interview and the cashier took his leave.

CHAPTER IX.—The Curtain Falls on Clarence Stedman.

Jimmy knew there would be something doing at the office, after the revelation he had made to the detective. He believed Stedman would be arrested that night by the sleuth, and supposed that the express people would proceed against him for taking the money. Although he did not like the second bookkeeper, he felt sorry that he had been compelled to expose what he knew about the young man.

"It was my duty," he told himself. "If I hadn't said anythin' de suspicion of de company probably would have rested on de man who delivered de packet, and de driver of de wagon as well. It would have counted against dem even if nothin' could be proved, and it would have been a shame for innocent people to suffer for de act of another."

That's the way Jimmy excused his part in the matter, though really he needed no excuse, for it was the proper thing for him to throw all the light he could on the mystery of the missing contents of the express packet. He reached the office in ten minutes before nine, gathered up the mail and laid it on the old broker's desk flap, and taking the Daily Wall Street News, sat down to read it. The clerks and stenographer came in and with them Clarence Stedman, who little suspected the cloud that hung over his head. Last of all, Mr. Brown walked in. After giving out the books he detained Stedman at his desk.

"You saw Jimmy place that money packet on my desk yesterday while I was out, didn't you?" said Brown.

"I didn't take notice of what he did. I was busy making out statements for several of our customers," said Stedman uneasily.

"Then you didn't see the packet at all?"

"I saw it when I came to your desk to wait on a customer who left an order to be executed."

"Did you take it up and look at it?"

"No."

"The wrapper showed evidence of having been tampered with, though I did not notice the fact until the assistant manager of the express company pointed out to me where one of the seals had been broken and then fused together again."

"You found some of the money missing, then?"

"It was all missing."

"Then the man who sent it must have forgotten to enclose the amount stated, or some express employee took the money out while it was in transit."

"The company put one of their detectives on the case, and he notified me last evening that he had found the guilty person."

Clarence Stedman gave a start and turned white.

"The detective handed me the missing \$100 and told me that the case was closed as far as the company was concerned."

"He gave you the missing money? Then it was an employee of the company who stole it?" said Stedman, recovering his nerve, for the fact that the company had turned over the contents of the packet indicated to him that the express company had shouldered the responsibility.

"That's all, Stedman," said Brown. "Take your books to your desk."

The second bookkeeper did so, much relieved. Indeed, he felt quite exultant over the idea that he had got out of the case, as he supposed. That some innocent man had fallen under suspicion in connection with the matter, and perhaps had lost his job, did not for the moment worry him any. So the ordinary routine of the office went on the same as ever. Jimmy expected to be called up by the cashier any moment, but when he was called Mr. Brown merely handed him an envelope to take out. Thus matters proceeded until the old broker came down. He went over his mail, dictated replies to several letters, gave sundry instructions to his stenographer, saw two early visitors, and as the cashier handed him a bunch of orders to buy and sell stocks he put on his hat and went over to the Exchange to execute them. Jimmy carried several notes to him that day, and noted, with satisfaction, that L. & D. had gone up two points higher than the previous day's closing figure. Mr. Barrington returned about two o'clock, saw more visitors and after dictating to Miss Fox, went out again. At ten minutes of three Jimmy was sent to the bank as usual with the day's deposits, and he got back shortly after three. The old broker came in soon afterward. He attended to business and saw visitors for half an hour; then he rang for Jimmy, whose time for quitting was near.

"You signed for an express packet yesterday, Jimmy," said the old man.

"Yes, sir. I heard Mr. Brown tell you dat de \$100 supposed to be in it was missin', and dat one of de seals had been monkeyed with."

"Now tell me all the facts of the case as you know them."

"All de facts, sir? I don't know where to begin."

"Tell me the story as you told it to the detective of the express company."

"I'll tell you, sir, but you've got to take my word for it," said Jimmy.

So he told the old broker about his accidental encounter, as an unseen witness, with Stedman

and Haskins, on the previous Saturday night in the vestibule of the office building on upper Broadway, and what he overheard pass between them. The broker nodded when he finished that part of his story.

"Now, you saw Stedman and this gambler in the corridor yesterday after the receipt of the money package and before you learned there was anything particularly wrong with it."

"Yes, sir."

"You saw Stedman hand the man some bills, and one of them fluttering to the floor, you picked it up and returned it to the gambler. In doing so you noticed that it was a new bill bearing the name of the Cohoes National Bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then when you heard that the packet had come from Cohoes and that it was supposed to have contained \$100, which was missing, you began to suspect Stedman of the theft of the money."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Jimmy, don't you think that on the strength of that suspicion, backed up by the other facts you were acquainted with, that you should have come to me and told me the whole story yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, but I was kind of afraid you'd think I was tryin' to get Stedman into trouble. You see, I couldn't prove anythin', and I knew you thought a lot of him. I didn't know how you might take my story. You've been a good friend to me, and I didn't want you to get a bad opinion of me. Besides, I didn't like to put Stedman in a hole, dough we ain't good friends."

"What trouble is there between you and Stedman?"

Jimmy explained the cause of their strained relations.

"I don't know what you think of my story now," he went on. "It's de truth, but I don't see dat I can prove it."

"Don't worry about that, Jimmy. The gambler has corroborated all the essential facts."

"He has?" cried the boy, in surprise. "I should not think he'd give Stedman away."

"He was obliged to do so. The detective convinced him that it would be to his interest to hold nothing back."

"Den the detective got hold of him?"

"Certainly. He was regarded as the key to the situation, for your story required corroboration to make a clear case against the thief."

"Did de detective make him give up de money?"

"He did, though the officer was not obliged to carry matters that far."

"Why not?"

"He had established the fact that the money had been abstracted from the packet after you signed for it, and therefore what became of the cash was not of interest to the company. By forcing the return of the sum involved he did me a voluntary favor, but had he not made the gambler disgorge, I could not have quarreled with him about it."

"Den de express company ain't goin' to have Stedman arrested?"

"No. They have no interest in his foolish act."

"I'm glad to hear dat, sir. I wouldn't want to know dat I had ruined him."

"Well, that is all, Jimmy. You can go home

now," said the old broker, dismissing him. "On your way out hand that slip of paper to Mr. Brown."

Jimmy did so and left the office. The slip of paper contained a request to the cashier to send Stedman into the private room. What took place between Mr. Barrington and his guilty bookkeeper was never divulged. The interview lasted till after five, and when Stedman came out, looking like a ghost, he found the counting room deserted. He went to his desk, from which his books and papers had been removed to the safe, took certain private property of his from the drawer, put on his hat and coat and walked out, with the knowledge that he was dismissed from the office.

CHAPTER X.—The Money-Making Machine.

Stedman's desk was vacant next morning, and this fact occasioned Wakeley and Jackson some surprise. Jimmy noticed also that the second bookkeeper did not turn up. He wondered if the dude had been fired. He thought it quite likely. The cashier made no remark on Stedman's absence. He was certain that the young man had been dispensed with. On his way uptown the old broker had put an advertisement in a certain newspaper for a junior clerk, answers to be sent to the broker's postoffice box. During the day Jackson was installed in Stedman's place, and Wakeley was given Jackson's work. The wages of both were advanced.

A tall, solemn-looking youth came in and was introduced next morning by the cashier as the new junior clerk. He had come from Boston, where he had clerked in a broker's office, and was well up in the details of the business. With a good market business was rushing and Jimmy was kept on the jump. He managed to keep track of his latest deal, either by sly glances at the office ticker, at the tickers in other offices he visited, and by an inspiration of the blackboard at the Exchange when he was sent there. By this time L. & D. was up to 93, and then it began to boom in earnest, and soon reached 100, or par. Jimmy judged he had better sell, on the principle that a bird in the hand was worth several in the bush. He took the first opportunity of doing so and closed out at a profit of \$750. This made him worth \$1,250, and made him feel like a small millionaire.

The market went into the dumps after the L. & D. boom exploded, and for several weeks prices showed no tendency to rise to any extent. Jimmy went into a deal on Erie. The stock went up several points, and Jimmy was looking for another boom, when it suddenly slumped and he closed out in a hurry, losing \$50 by the transaction. The set-back was small, but it gave the boy's visions of a continuous performance of success a rude jolt. He began to wonder if his luck was turning, or what was the matter. His confidence in the stock game wavered so that for some weeks he made no attempt to follow up his speculations. It was during this spell that he began to notice the mining side of the business as carried on by the Curb brokers. One morning he read that a rise in copper was looked for ow-

ing to certain moves on the part of the Copper Trust.

He looked up the various copper propositions and noted the prices the stocks were selling for. Several days later he read more on the subject, and he also saw that all the copper stocks had gone up somewhat. The paper said that Sandy Hill Copper was a promising thing to get next to, and after some deliberation Jimmy bought 100 shares of it outright at \$6. A week later it was up to \$7. That satisfied Jimmy that Sandy Hill was going to make money for its stockholders, so he invested the rest of his money in another 100 shares.

With the two certificates in his possession he knew he could not be sold out if the price suddenly went down. In another week copper became the absorbing subject in Wall Street, and Sandy Hill advanced to \$8. Then it went to \$9, and finally reached \$10. It went to \$10.25 and then anchored there. The most important stocks kept on, but Sandy Hill seemed to have got as high as it was likely to go. So, impatient to rake in his profit in sight, Jimmy sold out, clearing \$700 and raising his capital to \$2,000. It was now early summer. The night school had closed for the term and Jimmy had all his evenings to himself.

He was very much improved in every way since the old broker, who was uniformly kind to him, took him into his office. He had gradually lost the accent of the street, for he had not associated with any of his old companions, except to speak to them occasionally when he met them outside, since taking the messenger job. The change had been so gradual that the office force hardly noticed any change in him. Had they taken notice, they would have observed that he no longer used "de" and "dat," and that he had found use for the letter "g" where it belonged.

The old broker regarded him with pride, and considered him as his protege, taking satisfaction in the thought that he had rescued the boy from the streets, and was making his talents shine at their brightest. With the coming of hot weather the stock market grew dopy, and the brokers spent much of their time out of the city. Mr. Barrington's son-in-law took a cottage at a Long Island watering place on the Sound, and the old broker spent half of the week down there. One Saturday morning in August he invited Jimmy to go down with him and stay over at the cottage till Monday. Jimmy said he'd be glad to go, but he wasn't used to polite society.

"You may not be quite up to the mark, Jimmy," said the broker, "but you will soon get used to things as you find them."

"If you think I won't disgrace you——"

"Disgrace me! I have no fear of that. We are making no display at the cottage—just living quietly and resting ourselves like respectable people. That is really what city people need when they go away for a change of scene and air. I do not approve of keeping up a round of excitement in summer as well as in winter. It is sure to tell on one's condition, and make you old before your time," said the broker.

So Jimmy went down to Manhasset that afternoon with his boss, and the cashier did not expect him to show up on Monday much before noon. An automobile met them at the station

and carried them to the cottage, which was situated at the end of a row of similar dwellings stretched along the inner side of Manhasset Bay, half a mile from the village. There was a moderate sized hotel between the cottages and the village, and a larger hotel on the top of a low bluff a quarter of a mile away toward the Sound.

There was also another hotel and twice as many cottages on the other side of the arm of the bay. After being introduced to the old gentleman's daughter, and her son and daughter—one a year older and the other a year younger than Jimmy—the young visitor and the old broker partook of a light lunch. Then the broker told his grandson, Fred Colton, to take Jimmy around and show him what was to be seen. The two boys started off together, walking around the curve of the bay to the summer colony on the other side. They walked into the hotel and looked around. In some way Jimmy got separated from his companions, and while looking around for him he suddenly came upon three well-dressed men seated in a nook on the bay side of the veranda.

The three were so much engaged in conversation that they did not notice Jimmy. The boy was astonished on recognizing two of the men as Haskins, the sport, and Clarence Stedman. Their companion was a smartly dressed young fellow of perhaps twenty-two, who looked as if he belonged to some swell family. Haskins was seated on one side of him and Stedman on the other, and they were both showing him a bunch of new bills. Jimmy was so surprised at seeing Stedman and the gambler at that hotel, apparently guests of the place, that he stared blankly at them. He suspected from their talk and actions, and the display they were making of their money, that they were up to some crooked piece of business. His first impression was that they were trying to rope the young fellow into a card game, but in a moment or two he found out that such was not their object.

Jimmy was familiar in a general way with many of the schemes worked by grafters to get money out of the unwary. One of these, known as "the Money-making Machine," proved to be the particular swindle that was under way in this case. This machine was merely a toy, invented by some small genius, and sold and put on the market by a big novelty house.

As this machine, which had some features in common with a very small rotary printing press, has been extensively advertised in years past, though now considered a back number, our readers may have seen the machine in the window of some novelty store, or at least heard about it. In the hands of a demonstrator a slip of paper the size of a banknote was inserted between two horizontal rollers, just as clothes are put through the twin rollers of a wringing machine, the handle attached to the cogs that operated the machine was turned, and forthwith, as the blank slip disappeared through the two rollers a brand-new dollar bill, or a bill of any denomination, for that matter, came forth from a similar pair of rollers below. As far as one's eyes could follow the workings of the machine, the illusion of a piece of blank paper being actually transformed into a genuine banknote was perfect. It was im-

possible to detect the cheat, no matter how close or how sharp you watched the *modus operandi*, nor how slow the demonstrator worked.

Haskins, the gambler, and the unlucky Clarence Stedman, had gone into partnership to fleece the public so that they could live without going to work. The sport had initiated Stedman into many tricks of his calling, and their original intention was to visit summer resorts, and later on country fairs, meeting as apparent strangers and roping moneyed men into card games, and by playing into each other's hands, rob their victims in an apparently honest way. A friend of the sport, however, presented him with one of the money-making machines, and explained the methods he had himself carried on with great success, and so Haskins and Stedman adopted it as a side line, to be worked as occasion served.

The young fellow they now had in tow was the son of a well-to-do merchant who owned one of the cottages at this summer resort. Stedman had made his acquaintance, representing himself as the secretary of an industrial corporation and assiduously cultivated his friendship, paying for drinks and other entertainments in a liberal way, and making a big display of money to impress his anticipated victim. After sounding the young chap on the subject of the money-making machine and finding he was ignorant of it, Stedman confidentially told him that he was financing a well-known inventor who had, after years of experimenting, finally evolved a machine, simple in character, for making real money. Naturally the young fellow's curiosity was excited, and Stedman promised to introduce him to the inventor, who was stopping at the hotel with him and get him a private view of the marvellous discovery. This introduction was effected shortly before Jimmy discovered the three on the veranda.

CHAPTER XI.—Jimmy Sees a Detective.

"What we're telling you is on the dead quiet," Jimmy heard Stedman say. "All of this money we are showing you was turned out by the machine."

"It certainly looks good," admitted the young chap. "You must be a fine banknote engraver," he added to the sport.

"Not at all," replied Haskins, quite truthfully. "I haven't the slightest skill in that line."

"Then I don't see how you could get such fine plates for your machine."

Haskins laughed.

"I don't use any. That's how I avoid coming under the name of a counterfeiter. It is really an impossibility for an engraver to make a facsimile plate of any note so that it will deceive the eyes of an expert. The secret of my machine is that it will produce a facsimile of any bill ever made without the assistance of the engraver. I thought of the idea many years ago and have worked on it off and on since. The process is so simple that when you see it your eyes will bulge with wonder, and yet to reach such simple results has taken years of thought and experiment on my part. The whole secret lies in the art of reproducing from a single genuine original an indefinite number of facsimiles. Get me?"

"You mean you copy——"

"I apply my secret composition to a pair of rollers inside the machine and then run a genuine bill through them. The rollers take an indelible impression of the bill, one side of it on one roller and the other side of it on the other. The original bill comes out a blank sheet of paper, having lost its character entirely."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the young chap, in astonishment.

"The front and back of the good bill has been entirely transferred to the two rollers. I then let them dry and harden for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time, or later, I begin printing my new money, by inserting specially prepared paper, the exact size of the original under an exposed pair of rollers that carry it down into the machine to the stamped rollers. After it has passed between them it comes out through a third pair of rollers a brand-new banknote—a facsimile in every way of the original."

"I'd like to own such a machine. Do you intend to put them on the market?"

"Certainly not. Why should I? I have built two machines for my personal use—one I use for turning out dollar bills, the other for \$5 ones. When I get back home I intend to put together a third for making \$20 bills, with interchangeable rollers for \$50 and \$100 ones."

"Say, wouldn't you loan me one of your machines if I gave you half of the money it turned out?"

"No," said Haskins decidedly. "I wouldn't."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Smith," put in Stedman, addressing his confederate. "Ford is a good fellow. It would be a favor to me if you obliged him. He will put up a deposit as a guarantee to return the machine, say in a week."

Haskins shook his head, but Stedman kept at him till he began to waver.

"What deposit can you put up?" he said, at length.

"How much do you want?" asked the dupe eagerly.

"I wouldn't take less than \$1,000, which, of course, I'll return to you when you bring back the machine. I'll lend you the \$5 one so that you can turn out \$100 a day, and I'll give you enough prepared paper to last you for two weeks. Then you will have to return the machine, for you couldn't print without the right paper."

"I don't believe I can get \$1,000," said the young fellow reluctantly, "but I'll put up \$500. That ought to be enough, for the machine will be of no use to me after I have used up the paper you give me."

"Let him have it for \$500 deposit," said Stedman, "as a favor to me."

"Very well. Now look here, Ford, you'll promise to keep the whole business strictly to yourself?"

"Yes."

"Very good. I'll take you to my room now, show you the machine and let you print a bill or two. Then you will hold the bill and go downstairs and show it to the proprietor of the hotel. You'll tell him you heard that counterfeits of the bill had been circulated and you want to know if he thinks that bill is all right. He has a banknote detector in his office, and if he has any doubt about the note he'll look it up. As those new \$5

notes have not been counterfeited, he'll tell you the bill is genuine. That will prove to you that the machine does all I claim for it, and that my discovery will rank with any of the seven wonders of the world," said Haskins.

Jimmy drew back out of sight as the three men left their chairs. He watched them go to the elevator. Then he went to the desk.

"Is there a man named Smith stopping here?" he asked.

"There are two Smiths. Which one are you referring to?"

Jimmy described Haskins.

"If you want to see him, you'll have to send your name up first."

"Maybe he won't want to be disturbed if he took two men up stairs with him. I'll wait around till he comes down," said Jimmy.

"All right," said the clerk.

"By the way, is your house detective around? I'd like to see him."

The clerk tapped a bell, and a bellboy came up. The clerk said something to him and he went away.

"He'll be here in a few minutes," said the clerk to Jimmy.

So Jimmy waited, and in about five minutes the bellboy returned with the hotel detective.

"This young fellow wants to see you," said the clerk, indicating Jimmy.

"Come out on the veranda with me," said the boy.

They walked outside, and Jimmy led the man away from the nearest guest.

"I want to tell you that there are a pair of swindlers stopping at this hotel," began Jimmy.

"What's your name and who are you? I haven't seen you around here before."

"My name is Jimmy Long. I am working for John Barrington, a Wall Street broker. He brought me down here this afternoon to stay over Sunday at his cottage, which is on the other side of the bay. You can see it from here—the last one to the left."

"Well, what about the swindlers?" he said.

"One of them is a young fellow who was formerly employed in our office as the second bookkeeper. He was discharged a few weeks ago for good reasons. The other is a New York gambler and sport. They have got a young fellow in tow now, and the gambler, whose name is Haskins but has registered here as William Smith, has taken him up to his room. The scheme they are trying to pull off is known as the 'Money-making Machine.' Ever heard of it?"

"I have."

"The young fellow is going to put up \$500 on the machine. When they get that into their hands they'll skip."

"You are certain of all this?"

"Positive. I overheard them working up the chest on the veranda here a few minutes ago."

The detective thought a moment.

"Sit down here and wait till I return," he told Jimmy.

He went to the desk, got the number of William Smith's room and went up stairs. Going to the door, he tried to look through the key-hole, but the key in the lock prevented him seeing anything of the inside of the room. Then he applied his ear.

"Well, you see how the machine works, don't you?" he heard a voice (Haskins') say.

"Yes. It is certainly a marvelous invention," answered the dupe.

"Now we'll go downstairs and test the genuineness of the bill that you have just printed," said the sport.

"Let me see you print one yourself," said the young fellow.

"Certainly," said the gambler. "There you are."

The young man, who was not altogether a fool, looked at it critically, but particularly at the running numbers, of which there are two on each bill. He noted that the numbers on the two bills were different.

"Say, how does the machine make a different number each time?" he asked.

For a moment Haskins was struck dumb, unable to think of a convincing reply. Then Stedman came to his rescue.

"Why don't you explain to him that you have a small numbering machine attachment inside, or don't you want to admit it?" he said.

"Well, I thought I'd told him about that downstairs," said Haskins.

"No, you didn't mention it," said the young man. "Is that the way you make the numbers?"

"Yes," replied the gambler, much relieved that the matter had been accounted for. Now let's go downstairs."

The detective learned enough to assure him that Jimmy had told the truth, so he hurried away.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

The detective was at the desk when the three came down and the young man inquired for the proprietor of the hotel. That gentleman came forward and verified the new \$5 bill as a genuine one. Young Ford was satisfied and he told Haskins that he would get the \$500 deposit right away.

"Fetch it along and you can have the use of the machine for two weeks. Then you must bring it back and I will return the deposit and charge you nothing for the use of the machine," said the sport; "but remember, you must handle it carefully, and not attempt to print more than twenty bills a day."

Ford assured him he would follow his directions to the letter, and went away. The detective rejoined Jimmy, and told him he had better keep out of the way, since one of the grafters knew him and might take alarm if he saw him there.

Haskins and Stedman came out on the veranda and sat down to await the return of their dupe with the \$500.

Half an hour later Ford showed up with the \$500, and eager to secure the money-making machine, from which he anticipated manufacturing \$1,400 in good bills, which would give him quite a bunch of spending money. The three went to Haskins' room, staying till called by Jimmy and the sleuth. Once in the room, Ford passed over the \$500, which the sport pocketed. The small box containing the machine was taken out of the bureau, for Haskins had not recommended himself

with a trunk, as he wanted to be in shape for a quick get-away if necessary. He took the machine out and ran a bill through.

"You see it's in good condition, don't you?" he said.

"Yes," replied Ford.

"Very good. Well, I've used up the last piece of prepared paper for the day. You can't do any printing till to-morrow about this time. Remember that."

He returned the machine to the box and wrapped it up. Then he counted out twenty sheets of paper the size of a bank note.

"That's your supply for to-morrow. Use no more. To prevent you making any mistake, I'll put a piece of newspaper between each day's quantity."

He counted out twenty more sheets, put another sheet of newspaper over them, and then went on, putting newspaper between each lot as he proceeded until he had counted out fourteen lots. He wrapped the paper up in another bundle.

"There you are. Now let me give you a little general advice," said Haskins.

In the course of this advice he dropped in hints about the risk that Ford would incur if he ever let it be known that he had printed and used, or even intended to print and use, money not issued by the Government.

"I'm telling you this for my own protection as well as yours," he said. "The court always holds that intent to commit a wrong is as bad as actually doing it. Understand?"

"Yes," nodded Ford.

"Very good. If you talked about this machine you'd not only get yourself in trouble, but me as well. I'm doing you a big favor in trusting you."

This delicate compliment was, presumably, appreciated by Ford, for he assured the sport that he would keep his mouth shut. That being settled, the three were about to leave the room, when the detective opened the door and walked in unbidden, followed by Jimmy, who, according to directions, placed his back to the door after closing it, and also deftly turned the key and removed it.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen," said the sleuth. "Sorry to disturb you, but I am the house detective, and I'm looking for two grafters named Haskins and Stedman."

The two swindlers were staggered. Haskins recovered his nerve right away, but Stedman didn't, for he recognized Jimmy.

"I hope you didn't expect to find them in my room," said the sport boldly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I did, and I think I have. You are Haskins."

"Why, my name is William Smith."

"I know, that's the alias under which you registered. Your companion is Stedman. Long, do you identify these men?"

"I do. That is Haskins, professional gambler, and the other is Clarence Stedman, late bookkeeper for John Barrington, of Wall Street," said Jimmy.

"That's all I want to know. Both of you people are under arrest."

"On what charge?" demanded Haskins.

"Swindling this young man out of \$500 by palming off on him a toy device that is known as

a money-making machine, but which is a pure fake," said the detective.

"Give me my money back!" cried Ford angrily to the gambler.

"I must decline. We can't be held unless you make the charge against us, and have us brought before a magistrate."

"I'll do that unless you come over with my \$500."

"All right. Do it. The charge against us will be intent to defraud, and if you press it we'll have to go to jail and stand trial. But what about yourself? You're voluntarily given me \$500 for a machine which you believed would make real money. The intent on your part was to swindle the Treasury Department. I guess you'll find yourself in a bigger hole than we are. We knew the machine was a fake and could not make money. We simply played you for a sucker. Now go and prosecute us."

The young man wilted.

"Give me half my money back and I'll say nothing," he said.

"I've already arrested these men and you will have to prosecute them."

"You can't make me," said the frightened Ford.

"Oh, all right. The hotel will prosecute them as swindlers, and you'll be called as a witness."

"As I don't want to get this young fellow in trouble with the Government, I'll give up the money if you let us off. We'll take the next train for the city."

Thus spoke Haskins.

"Better let it go at that," put in Jimmy. "I know Clarence Stedman. He was in our office for several years—ten, I believe. If he'll promise to cut loose from this gambler, who is bound to lead him to ruin if he keeps his company, I'll bet Mr. Barrington to see him through this scrape unless you let them both go. As I put you on these chaps, I am entitled to some consideration, and I now ask you to let them go, provided Stedman gives me the promise I asked for."

"All right," agreed the detective. "Hand over the \$500 to that young man, and come downstairs and pay your bill and give up your rooms, and you can both go."

And the matter was settled on that basis. It was quite a story Jimmy told to Mr. Barrington on the quiet that evening, and he old broker was very much astonished at the revelation. He was greatly shocked to learn that his late bookkeeper had gone into the grafting business, and with the man who had been the cause of his downfall.

On Monday morning Jimmy returned to the office and his duties. We wish we had the space to follow Jimmy Long up the ladder of success, but that we cannot do. All we can say is that as the old broker's protege he made good at the office, was in due time promoted to the counting-room, and finally rose to the post of the old gentleman's representative on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Barrington's failing energies took him out of Wall Street as a daily figure, and he made Jimmy his junior and active partner.

Next week's issue will contain "A BORN HUSTLER; OR, THE BOY WITH THE COONS"

CURRENT NEWS

MILK CAN WALKING DOWN STEPS
AMAZES STROLLER

"Leaving my home to catch an early morning train," writes a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, London, "I was amazed to see a milk can apparently walking down the steps and along the footpath. I looked again, and the milk can was still progressing with a queer kind of zigzag motion. There was no one in sight to whom I could appeal for corroboration, and I pursued the milk can, halted it with my walking stick, turned it over, and found tightly wedged inside a harassed looking hedgehog.

"It had climbed into the can to drink the milk, found that it could not get out, and was trying to escape from the evidence of its guilt.

"Both of us were relieved when the can and the hedgehog again became two."

FIND NEW DINOSAUR GENUS

A new genus of dinosaur has been discovered by an expedition from the University of Toronto in the Bad Lands of the Red Deer River of Alberta.

This announcement was made at the opening of the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. W. A. Parks of the University of Toronto, who presented to his colleagues the new specimen, which is nearly ready to be placed in the university museum.

The dinosaur is only about thirty feet in length, about half as large as fossils previously discovered, and belonged the Cretaceous period. It had heavy leg bones and ribs, and probably led a

sluggish life in salty marshes, living on vegetables.

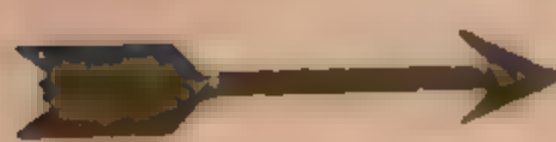
YAP. A LAND OF SLAVERY

Although the Island of Yap has been governed successively by Spaniards, Germans and Japanese, slavery is still practiced here and shows no signs of dying out. The Yap slaves are a darker race than their native masters and they have black, slightly curly hair. They are owned by chiefs and some are the property of wealthy native women.


Tradition says that the slaves are descended from early invaders who came to Yap in their war canoes from other islands, but were overpowered by the original inhabitants.

Many of the men were killed, but the women and children were spared and forced to labor in the taro (an edible plant root) patches.

Yap society is divided into three classes, namely machmach or medicine men, the pilung or aristocracy and the pimiaga of slaves. The medicine men are still powerful despite the years of missionary work by Spanish priests. They prophesy, tell fortunes and sometimes put a taboo on various parts of the island. A taboo is a serious matter for the traders, as no native will work on a tabooed plantation. While it lasts the laborers take a holiday and the traders' profits shrink. The taboo, however, is sometimes used to prevent plundering. Although the Yap natives are "middling honest," one of their principal deities is the god of thieves, who has a considerable number of worshippers on the island.



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— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"If they know we was here, they'd burn us at the stake, I do believe," said Zachary. Well, they'll be on after us, if I ain't mistook, yet. We'll jest lay whar we are, and let 'em do their worst."

The men hurried back and forth around the ruins of the house, which had been their secret hiding place for supplies, like so many red ants over a mashed ant-hill.

They shook their fists in the direction of the road, and it needed no great mind-reading to understand their thoughts on the subject of their ruined moonshine plant.

"Look, thar's a feller goin' back for Jake Newcastle, I'll bet a hat," sung out Zachary, who was pointing down the road. "They won't dare do a thing ontel they git word from him. Then won't there be a merry howdedo? Oh, no!"

Dan could picture the howdedo, all right, and it was not a merry prospect.

But he did not give up his spirits.

"Do you think we'd ought to return to Johnsville, now, without runnin' the chances of a fight?" asked Zachary. "I'm kinder responsible for ye to yer dad, an' I don't want ter get ye in in any worse of a hole."

Dan's jaw clicked with determination at such a thought.

"I should say not," he snapped out. "I am not a quitter. Why, we come to inspect this land, and we are law-abiding. I have a right to dectroy any illegal stuff on my father's property, and I am going to carry out the work intended. I must see if this land is being robbed of timber, and furthermore, I am going to try to sell it out for a big sum of money for dad before I leave here."

They watched the men below them by the burned-out house.

"They are starting on the hunt, all right," said Dan, as he saw about six mountaineers mount their horses and come up the roadway at a good pace.

"Yep. They're after us, all right. I can tell the way they're ridin', but mark my words, they won't do anything until they git word from Jake Newcastle himself. They are jest keepin' on the track. Them fellers obeys Newcastle as tho' he were a shore 'nuff king."

The rider went past them on the road and the two would have escaped notice had not one of the horses of the mountaineers scented the horses in the clump of evergreens.

This was something neither Dick nor Zachary expected to happen just then.

The first horse gave a nervous whinny, and Zach's horse answered the call.

"Dern the pesky thing!" muttered the guide, angrily, as he tried to jerk the animal's head about.

But the harm had been done.

These rough men knew what the whinny and the horse's shying away from the clump of trees meant.

"Thar they air!" cried one fellow, and with a curse he rode straight up the rough ground into the bushes.

He bore a shotgun before him, but he did not beat Dan nor Zach, for, as he pushed into view of them he saw himself covered by two weapons, and he reined in.

"What do you want?" asked Dan. "You look as though you would like to use that gun."

The man snarled.

"Ye're the cuss that busted that still down the road thar, ain't ye?" he began.

"You cut out that line of talk," commanded Dan, sharply, and his hammer clicked ominously on the gun. "Both that property and this is part of my father's and my land, and you get off it in double-quick time, or I'm going to put a little ventilation through that long fringe of yours!"

The mountaineer pulled back his horse.

"This hyar country belongs to the people that lives hyar," he began, "and not any strangers that don't hav' no right ter it."

"Well, I've got the right, all right, and my father bought this land with his own money; he's paid the taxes on it, and supported it ever since he was a young man. I broke up your still, and I am not a revenue officer, either. I don't care what you do, as long as you keep off our land. But I don't intend to see my father's property burned down, stolen and a moonshine mill run on it by a gang of roughs like you. Now, get!"

The mountaineer looked into the determined face of the youth, and he proceeded to "get."

"Ye're goin' ter see who runs this country!" he cried, as he turned. "And that's Jake Newcastle an' his friends."

"I'll take a chance with Jake Newcastle or any other man," said Dan. "But you clear off this property onto the road."

The lad beckoned to Zachary, and they started down the hill, leading their horses.

Bang! Bang!

Two shots rang out from the shelter of the nearby trees.

"They're tryin' ter pot us now, Dan," said Zachary, quietly. "Shall we run fer it?"

"No, let's get back on that hill in the shelter of the trees, and hold them off for a while to see what they are going to do."

They retreated to their hilltop, from whence they could command a complete view of the valley below.

"Now, bring 'em on," said Dan, as he forced Starlight to lie down, as he had been trained to do.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

BOOM IN POCKET FLASKS

Pocket flasks, formerly seen only when encased in gold or silver, with elaborate filigree work or handsomely engraved monograms, have fallen from their high caste and now no regular 5 and 10 cent or cheap novelty store is complete without them. With a cheap metal case to protect the glass, they are labeled "unbreakable," and piled in heaps on tables marked "15 cents each."

Manufacturers are turning these receptacles out by the thousands, a clerk explained, and while the profit on each is very small the quick turnover makes them worth while handling. They may be used as nursing bottles, the clerk said.

LIFE CONVICT REFUSES A PARDON

Because he says he is thirty years behind the times and if freed would not know what to do Deln Murphy, oldest white prisoner in the State penitentiary, Greenville, S. C., protested against his own pardon. He is serving life imprisonment for murder, although he maintains he is innocent.

"I have been in this prison for a quarter of a century; the world is thirty years ahead of me; it is better that I live and die here. I'm happy. Superintendent Sanders and members of the guard are my friends. I like them and I will remain here. What would I do if I left?"

Murphy was given an "airing" outside the prison walls recently and for the first time saw a motion picture and automobile. That excursion he said, convinced him he is too far behind the times to be freed.

WINDS CLOCK EACH CHRISTMAS

Mrs. J. D. Hines of No. 921 Lincoln street, is the possessor of the only 400-day clock known to be in Topeka, Kan. The clock has some other unusual qualities, besides running for 400 days without rewinding. It does not strike and is absolutely noiseless, no ticking to bother the nervous and no trouble of winding it every few days.

The clock was presented to Mr. Hines about ten years ago as a Christmas present and is wound every Christmas. The pendulum is new and novel to the clock fancier. It is a disc, suspended from the center by a wire as thin as a hair. It is evenly balanced and swings half around and back each minute.

The clock is supposed to have been made in Switzerland, although little is known about its past history. Hines assembled it when he received it.

Mrs. Hines said she had seen but two other clocks like this one:

ALPS GIVE UP THEIR DEAD

The long drought and the long hot summer have caused the glaciers and the snowfields to melt so much that bodies of climbers have been found who have been lost for many years. In some cases all hope of ever finding them had been abandoned. At Zermatt it is even hoped that the remains of Lord Frederick Douglas, who

was killed on July '4, 1865, during Whymper's first ascent of the Matterhorn, may be found.

It will be remembered that during the descent of the Matterhorn on that occasion Mr. Hadow, the Rev. Charles Hudson, the guide, Michel Croz, and Lord Frederick Douglas were all killed, and that the bodies of the three first named were recovered, but not that of Lord Frederick Douglas. It was assumed that he fell some 6,000 feet onto the glacier below, where he may very well have fallen into a crevasse.

Recently the body of Josef Tresch, belonging to a well-known family of Swiss guides, was found at the foot of the Kliserstock, in the Gothard range, after he had been missing for eighteen years. The remains of a Swiss school teacher, who disappeared in an accident toward the end of 1914, have also been found after seven years. Bodies of other long lost tourists and climbers have been found not in the Swiss Alps alone but in the French Alps and in Tyrol.

In the opinion of Alpine guides and climbers if the coming winter is as snowless as the last, then next summer it should be possible to discover the bodies of all persons who have disappeared in years gone by on glaciers and snowfields. As yet the mountains have been merely powdered with snow, whereas generally the first heavy snowfalls have occurred by this time.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 165 W. 23d St., New York

One Of The Florida Rays

By D. W. STEVENS

After escaping from the cold North, to spend the winter among the warm tropical bays of Florida, is like going from purgatory to Paradise.

There are shooting and fishing enough to satisfy the most ardent sportsman.

Deer and turkeys live in the surrounding forests.

The streams and lake-like bays abound in fish of many kinds.

At times one may have a little sport at the expense of the sawfish, a kind of shark-like fellow, whose teeth, by some strange mistake, appear to have located themselves upon each side of his long nose rather than in the jaws.

Cruising along without any usual incidents other than the ordinary shooting and fishing, we one night came to anchor in Wyville Bay.

Next morning, while lounging upon deck, a large dorsal fin was seen at times lifting itself above the surface.

The creature seemed so large there was promise of sport, so, taking our places in the boat, we pulled toward the place where the monster had been last seen.

We plied our oars with a will, while the doctor, who had often boasted of his feats with the harpoon, stood in the bow ready to sink the iron into its flesh.

The doctor stood at the bow, watching intently for the strange monster.

In a few moments he saw ahead of us, down below the surface, a dark moving mass.

We steadily neared the fish until his form showed plainly in the clear blue waters which were scarcely disturbed by a ripple.

The creature rose toward the surface, and the doctor, lifting his harpoon into the air, held it poised for a moment, while calculating the distance, the effect of refraction, and the force required.

Then whiz went the spear down into the water.

A single second sufficed to show the effect of the cast.

First the creature lifted his great flippers from the water with a motion that sent bucketfuls of brine into the boat, giving us all a morning bath.

Then the line began to run out over the gunwale of the boat.

As it skipped through the water, swaying to and fro, the spray flew like rain.

After about fifty feet of line had gone out we managed to get hold on the rope, and matched our strength against that of the sea devil.

Individuals were ever jerked around in a vivacious manner they have my utmost admiration.

Now the creature would land us all together

in a heap, then slacken up and take us unawares, throwing us to the deck with a force that fully came up to my preconceived ideas of sport.

This sort of fun lasted about five minutes, during which a council of war was held.

The question at issue was, "Shall we cut the rope, or hold on and let him tear the boat to pieces?"

We decided to hold on or die.

Our hands were badly blistered, and of one accord we let go and the line rushed out until the end was reached.

The rope was fastened in the bow.

I held my breath, expecting to see the line snap, but it held fast.

Backward and forward went the monster, turning abruptly upon his course, then speeding on again, in a vain endeavor to get rid of his pursuers; but wherever he went we followed.

One moment he was going directly for our schooner, and had he kept on his course we would have been obliged to cut the rope, but he turned aside.

He now went straight onward, turning neither to right nor left, and it soon became evident what new idea had entered his head.

He was going out through the entrance into the deeper waters with the idea of eluding us there.

Swiftly we rushed along, and I began to despair of capturing the monster, when of a sudden he appeared at the surface.

Bang! went my rifle, and a piece of lead was added to his weight.

The shallow water forced him to the surface, and in five minutes not less than a half pound of lead entered his carcass.

He began to grow weaker, and we drew him along toward us.

Just as we were going into the deep water he turned savagely, as if to crush the boat.

As he approached, the doctor dealt a death blow with a lance, and the great fish plunged with terrific force into the water.

Then it became motionless.

How long this was kept up I do not know, but it must have been nearly two hours.

We now began to understand, for the first time, what a huge fish we had been following.

Finding that we could not move the carcass from the bottom, we brought the schooner alongside, and rigging tackles to both masts, we managed to hoist it to the surface, but could not get more than a third of the body out of the water at a time.

It belonged to the group of rays or skates.

The common name is sea vampire or sea bat.

He has no fins, but uses the extended flaps of the body as a means of propulsion, and as he moves through the water looks very much like a huge bat; hence, I suppose, the name vampire.

The tail had shriveled up until there was nothing left but a long, slender ray, five feet in length, and slender as a whipstick, a ludicrous appendage for such a monster.

The measurement from side to side was twenty feet, and the length about eighteen feet.

We had no means of determining its weight, but authorities say that such a vampire weighs from three to four tons.

The head is the part of the greatest interest.

The mouth is three feet by one foot, and perfectly regular and oval in shape.

It is beautifully white and smooth inside, and without the least trace of a tooth.

At each angle of the mouth are strange, non-descript fleshy protuberances about eighteen inches long and standing out obliquely.

The creature no doubt feeds on small organisms of some kind, and when swimming rapidly in the tideways is able by means of these organs to direct into its mouth a larger amount of food than he could otherwise obtain.

The gills are marvels of beauty.

They are six in number, three on each side, about two feet long and six inches wide.

They are furnished with about fifty pockets each, opening inwardly, but closed on the outside by a most delicately wrought network of little arches studded with points, and fitting so closely that the fish must be able to strain from the water which forces through them everything except that which is fairly microscopic.

It is as ugly as a fish could well be.

It has the fierceness of a shark without the shark's good looks, for a shark is really a graceful creature.

The Army Scout

It is extremely doubtful if there is any one subject on which the average reader is more ignorant than that of the scouts and scouting. The commonly accepted view of the army scout is very much that entertained by the schoolboy reader of the dime novel who wants to go out West and kill Indians. The view of the dime novelist as to Western Indian killers have not been modified, but rather confirmed by the exhibitions of shows with which the names of Buffalo Bill, Captain Jack Crawford and Dr. Carver are so intimately associated. But neither the dime novelist striving after sensation, nor the proprietors of a Wild West show give anything except the most exaggerated idea of a class of men now rapidly disappearing and of which, with the advancement of civilization, only the memory will be left fifty years hence.

The scout of the novel and the show is a very picturesque kind of fellow, thoroughly reckless, a dead shot, the proprietor of a varied selection of scalps, and showing his moral character that combination of "half angel and half Lucifer," of which Joaquin Miller delights to sing.

Like Samson of old, his strength is in his hair, and his long, flowing locks are the admiration of frontier women and the envy of frontier men. He is always clad in buckskin, fringed and stamped with grotesque designs, while his flowing locks

are surmounted with a sombrero that it would take three days to walk around the brim. Such is the Eastern conception; now for Southwestern reality.

The United States scout in active service wears his shair cut short, in soldier fashion, because he has to sleep on the ground for weeks at a time, and if he wore long and flowing locks they would give him considerable trouble by affording a choice variety of insects a refuge and a dwelling place. He has no collection of scalps. In five years' experience, during which I met nearly every scout of note in New Mexico and Arizona, I never found one of them with a single scalp except his own. Then again, outside of some town in which they wanted with a pardonable vanity to show off, I never saw one of them in a buckskin suit. It is too warm in summer and not warm enough in winter. The scout is a good shot, but that is a virtue he shares in common with nearly every man and boy on the frontier.

There is very little romance, but plenty of hardship about the life of a scout. He is not selected for his dashing airs and reckless bravery, but for the only quality in demand with army officers, his thorough knowledge of the country in which the troops are to operate, and especially of the first camping grounds, the distance from water to water (a point on which the lives of the command often depend), and his power to shorten marches by his acquaintance with the short cuts through mountains and over morasses. If he knows the Spanish language, so much the better, and if he can speak a little Apache, better still; but these latter accomplishments are of minor importance to a thorough knowledge of the country.

United States army scouts may be divided into two classes: White men, who rank as chief of scouts, and Indian scouts, who are organized as military companies. The white scouts are usually men who have been employees of the San Carlos and Mescalero Apache reservations or Indian agencies. They are from constant association with the Indians well acquainted with their character and habits, and frequently speak a little Apache. The Apaches, with few exceptions, speak Spanish, and it is usually the language they use in communication with the Indian agent and the employees of the agency. A white man who makes himself useful to the Indians by doing them little favors is, in time, taught "to read sign." This may be said to complete the education of a chief of scouts. It would be beyond the scope of a newspaper article to describe how "sign" is read, nor would anything save practical demonstration convey any comprehensive idea to the reader.

A scout who can read "sign" can tell you by examining a trail over which horses have passed if they were ridden or led, and if both, the number ridden and the number led. Even when shod he can tell whether the horses were American or Mexican. If the trail be made by men on foot, he can tell if it be an Indian trail or simply the trail of Mexicans wearing moccasins. In a hostile party he can tell by the trail how many are squaws and children, and so on over a field of observation as extensive as interesting.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

NO ONE INVENTED MATCHES

Who invented the friction match? asks the Scientific American. A German chemist has made an exhaustive study of this question and concludes that no one person can be considered to be the inventor of the friction match.

SUPPOSED PENNILESS RAGMAN WORTH \$45,000.

Petition for probate of the will of Albert Lichtblau, who died in Seattle, Dec. 25, has disclosed that instead of being a penniless old man he possessed \$15,000 in cash and property valued at \$30,000. A sister, Mrs. Martha Ramp, of Waterbury, Conn., was named as principal beneficiary.

A policeman found Lichtblau in the street weak from illness. He had gathered rags and paper for years.

IVY NOT HARMFUL

The impression that ivy is harmful to walls of stone or of brick has been removed by the testimony of a large number of architects, builders, foresters and master gardeners. These trained observers agree that ivy has no tendency to make the walls damp. They maintain, in fact, that the clinging tendrils of the plant extract and absorb any existing moisture, and that the thick leaves protect the walls from the action of the weather. Furthermore, they find no evidence that the ivy roots affect the foundations of stone structure.

BEARS DESTROYED SHEEP AND GOATS

A score or more of sheep and goats have been killed by bears in Lincoln County, Oregon, during one week. As a result, the farmers had a series of hunts with the view of eradicating as many of the bear as possible. A special meeting of the sheep and mohair men was held at Eddyville. The hunting parties succeeded recently in trapping a number of bear. Polmsbee brothers on the Big Elk last week caught a pair of young bear in their apple orchard. The Grant boys followed a track on the Gale Shane farm, near Harlan, where a bear was caught in the act of killing a sheep. After a long chase the bear was freed.

TO GET HOT DRINKS FREE

A cup of hot cocoa or hot milk is to be served free every afternoon to any Massachusetts Institute of Technology student who wishes it. Dr. G. W. Morse, head of the medical department of the institute, has discovered through a system of physical examinations that about 40 per cent. of the students are improperly nourished.

"Many of them," he said, "are commuters and have to leave home early with only a hurried bite of breakfast or a cake of chocolate eaten on the way in. They stand in the laboratory or sit in lectures all the morning and between 11 and 12 o'clock they get dizzy or faint."

To relieve this condition Dr. Morse consulted the man who has the restaurant concession for the institute and he agreed to supply the hot drinks free, with a cracker which he said would be made especially for the students and would "contain plenty of vitamins."

LAUGHS

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband always smokes after a good meal. Mrs. Doyle—Doesn't he ever smoke at home?

"If I gave you a cent, Bobble, what would do with it?" "I'd buy a postal card and write to you for a quarter."

Sammy—This cake is awful nice, mamma. Mamma—Well, what of it? Sammy—Oh, nothing. Only when a visitor says so you always ask him to have some more.

Physician—Young lady, you say you had eleven dishes of ice cream, four soda waters and a ham sandwich. Can you wonder why you're sick? Young Lady (feebly)—It must have been the ham sandwich, I suppose.

"It is the duty of every one to make at least one person happy during the week," said the Sunday school teacher. "Now, have you done so, Johnny?" "Yes," said Johnny promptly. "That's right. What did you do?" "I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home!"

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests." A modest looking man in the back of the hall stood up. "I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.

Directory Canvasser—What is your husband's occupation? Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Sure, an' it's a shovel engineer on a railroad he do be. Directory Canvasser—You mean a civil engineer, don't you? Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Faith, an' yez may be roight, sor. He's civil enough. Oi'm afther thinkin', but annyway he shovels the coal into the engine.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

FINDS \$50 BILL FOURTH TIME

There's a valet in a hotel in the theater district of New York who is wondering how much money a man must have before he gets to the point where he doesn't miss a mere \$50 bill. Four times a certain pair of trousers came in to be pressed, and each time the valet discovered a \$50 bill in the watch pocket. He carefully removed the money each time before the pressing operation, then put it back again. The fifth time the same \$50 showed up he spoke to the owner about it.

"One of these days you'll send those trousers to the wrong tailor," he said, "and then they'll come back \$50 short."

"Well, well," said the owner, mildly interested. "I didn't know the bill was in the pocket. Must have put it there some time ago and forgot it. I always was absent minded like that."

"And in these hard times, too," was all the comment the amazed valet could think of.

2 LION TEETH PULLED

Away back in the jungle they must have heard the roars that reverberated in Prospect Park when Dr. F. Gillespie dragged forth two teeth from Captain Jack's shaggy head and filled three others.

When Captain Jack Bonavita, famous animal trainer, showed his acts, one of his star numbers was the performance of his big lion, Captain Jack. Bonavita was killed by a bear a few years ago. His will left the lion to the Prospect Park menagerie, where it has been gazed upon by countless thousands.

For ten days the animal had been ailing and Dr. Gillespie discovered finally that its molars required attention. He arranged with Park Commissioner John Harman and Head Keeper John O'Brien for the operation.

The lion's head was chained to a specially constructed cage before which stood a table piled with cotton, dental instruments, filling, novocain, etc. A rope was attached to each leg and two men, outside the cage, made sure that Captain Jack wouldn't get away by holding onto each of these ropes.

Capt. Jack was just as skeptical as human patients when assured by Dr. Gillespie that "it won't hurt a bit and will be right over." As his gums were jabbed with novocain he let forth a roar that was heard a quarter of a mile away. He struggled so furiously that the eight men clinging to the ropes seemed at one time to be lifted. But he fell back exhausted by his own efforts, and when the novocain finally got working Capt. Jack submitted.

The job took an hour. The instruments used were slightly larger than for human patients.

UNCLE SAM'S AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION

Uncle Sam is not especially interested in autographs, but in his big library at Washington he

has a good many letters and papers signed by some of his most distinguished nephews. All these manuscripts, which were not well cared for until a few years ago, are now intelligently classified and preserved. There are twenty-five thousand documents of importance.

The Washington papers are the most valuable. They include documents written and received by the first President, the reports from the secret service agents during the Revolution, letters from Rochambeau and state papers.

The John Paul Jones letters fill eight volumes of the special kind of letter file in which the national collection is arranged. There are thirty-five volumes containing the proceedings of the commission formed for inquiring into the losses, services and claims of American loyalists. Another interesting Colonial relic is of much earlier date, the record of the Virginia Company, covering the years of 1619 to 1624.

New England is well represented. Mayor Peter Force of Washington sold his great collection to the Government. The West is represented by the literary remains of Schoolcraft, secretary to Gen. Lewis Cass, and some papers and letters of Cass himself.

Uncle Sam has also the letter books of President Monroe kept while he was our Minister at London, the papers of Gen. John Sullivan, the letter books of Gen. Nathanael Greene and the papers of Col. Ephraim Baine.

A HUMAN SEAL.

California, Florida and Cuba—they are all an unnecessary expense for January Swimming if you are like this fellow.

"Just step right down to the river or the lake and jump in." This is what George Rebb of No. 2725 25th Street, Detroit, says, and true this a week he goes for his little swim along with the ice. George slips into a jersey, takes a duck under the bigger cakes, just to show his prowess as an under-water swimmer, and balances huge cakes of ice in the air to develop his muscles. Then he takes a little smoke and strolls back to the Cadillac Boat Club House at the foot of Fairview avenue, his swim over.

Rebb doesn't shiver one little shiver. He makes less fuss with his ice baths than does the average man under a warm sun. He really likes it.

The colder it is the better the winter swimming for Rebb. When the temperature is 44 above it is poor swimming in the winter, because the small ice particles are broken off and cut the legs. When it drops to 10 above or 3 above, excellent. Mr. Rebb enjoys his swim much better, for the cakes of ice are smooth. They are better to sit on.

Rebb has held the under-water swimming championship of Michigan since 1913. He is 6 feet 6 inches tall and muscular.

Rebb makes fine tools for a living. For recreation he insists winter swimming is better than the theater, dancing or skating.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

SEA YIELDS UP MILLIONS

Nearly \$28,000,000 worth of bullion has been recovered from the liner *Naurentic*, which was sunk in January, 1917, off the north coast of Ireland by a German submarine.

In the spring an effort will be made to recover the remaining \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 worth of bullion which is said to be still at the bottom of the sea.

After three years' pounding by the Atlantic swells the liner has been transformed into a heap of twisted debris. Her decks, which settled down on the sea bottom, covered an area of several hundred feet. The wreck was practically covered with gravel and silt. The gold was at the bottom of the huge mass of wreckage.

TRAP INTRUDER UNDER BED

John Penney, nineteen years old, who said his home was at 151 Pine Street, Providence, R. I., was found hiding under a bed in the home of W. T. Johnson, 778 High Street, Newark, N. J., the other night.

When the burglar alarm rang employees of the company rushed to the house in an automobile and kept guard until the detectives arrived. They found Penney under a bed on the third floor. In his pocket was a stiletto. He also had a bunch of skeleton keys.

When the detectives entered the room with drawn revolvers Penney shouted from under the bed that he would come out and pleaded not to be shot. He said it was his first attempt at burglary. His story was discredited by the police, who also said he had cut all identification tags from his clothing. Penney's finger prints were sent to New York to be identified.

FILIPINO SHELL USEFUL IN MANY OF THE ARTS

The placenta shell, found in abundance in the Southern Philippine Islands, offers a unique, practical and decorative resource in home adornment, says *Good Furniture Magazine*.

Being fairly flat and roughly circular, translucent and up to three inches in diameter and about one-sixteenth inch thick, the placenta shell serves the better class of Filipino house in place of glass. The strong tropical light is pleasingly modified as it passes through the shell-panes held together by wooden strips or lead bands.

Decoratively, the shell should find many uses. It is already being worked up by the Filipinos, under American direction, into lamp shade frames in most pleasing shapes.

It seems that it might find a limited application in furniture, as in cabinet door inserts or metal screens where the vision but not the light is to be barred.

But the greatest use of this curiously beautiful shell would seem to be in the domain of the lighting fixture and lamp industry, where effects can be produced by transmitted light in a sure and most charming manner.

HARDSHELL CRABS NOT HIBERNATING

The appearance here of hard-shelled crabs in great abundance in midwinter puzzled old fishermen to find a reason for their breaking their habits of retiring in the mud and marshes over the cold weather. For several days the crabs have swarmed about the Delaware breakwater and the fishermen have captured so many of them that the price has gone down to 25 cents a dozen, the lowest point in many years.

The crabs are large and fat; heretofore in winter they have been invariably lean and almost unfit for food. Fishermen who have caught them in numbers have distributed them throughout the lower sections of the State, only to find every community oversupplied with them from its own waters.

The weather sharps say it means, in the crab's refusal to burrow into the mud and hibernate through the winter, a mild season ahead, but the fishermen themselves say that almost all other kinds of wild life offer evidence to the contrary.

VINE PUNCTURES TIRES.

A very troublesome vine which possesses exceptionally evil propensities has recently attracted the attention of the experts in the United States Department of Agriculture as the result of a nation-wide weed survey now being conducted by the department. It is popularly known as the puncture vine and has been very troublesome in California. It is now spreading rapidly in Arizona, where it is commonly known as the devil's bur.

The vine produces spiny seeds which attach themselves to automobile and bicycle tires which carry them long distances. The possibilities for damage from this plant are illustrated by the experience of a California man who was reported to have had seventy punctures in one tire, all due to the puncture vine. The weed is considered so serious in California that the California State Department of Agriculture has published a number of special articles on the subject. The plant is spreading with rapidity in sections of Arizona where it never was previously known.

The puncture vine is known scientifically as *Tribulus terrestris*. It is a native of Southern Europe, and was probably introduced into America by means of burs contained in the fleece of sheep. The fruit or bur, splits at maturity into five sections, each equipped with a pair of spines about one-fourth of an inch long. The sections lie on the ground in such a manner that one of the spines always points upward ready to enter the first tire that comes along. In one California county it is estimated that half of all the punctures in bicycle tires, and a large proportion of punctures in automobile tires, are caused by this weed. The burs also cause severe damage to wool. The plant has been known as ground bur nut, caltrop, and has recently received the name of automobile weed.



"The Best Hunch I Ever Had!"

"It happened just three years ago. I was feeling pretty blue. Pay day had come around again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend my life checking orders at a small salary.

"I picked up a magazine to read. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month for years I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, *every word!*

"Two million men, it said, had made that coupon the first stepping stone toward success. In every line of business, men were getting splendid salaries because they had torn out that coupon. Mechanics had become foremen and superintendents—carpenters had become architects and contractors—clerks *like me* had become sales, advertising and business managers because they had used that coupon.

"Suppose that I . . . ? What if by studying at home nights I really could learn to do something besides check orders? I had a hunch to find out—and then and there I tore out that coupon, marked it, and mailed it.

"That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

"In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And I've been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed

manager of our Western office at \$5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had."

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- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
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 - MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
 - STATIONARY ENGINEER
 - Marine Engineer
- ☐ ARCHITECT
 - Contractor and Builder
 - Architectural Draftsman
 - Concrete Builder
 - Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING & HEATING
 - Sheet Metal Worker
 - Textile Overseer or Eupl.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ Pharmacy

- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
 - Show Card & Sign Ptg.
 - Railroad Positions
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
 - Cartooning
 - Private Secretary
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- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
 - Stenographer & Typist
 - Cert. Pub. Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
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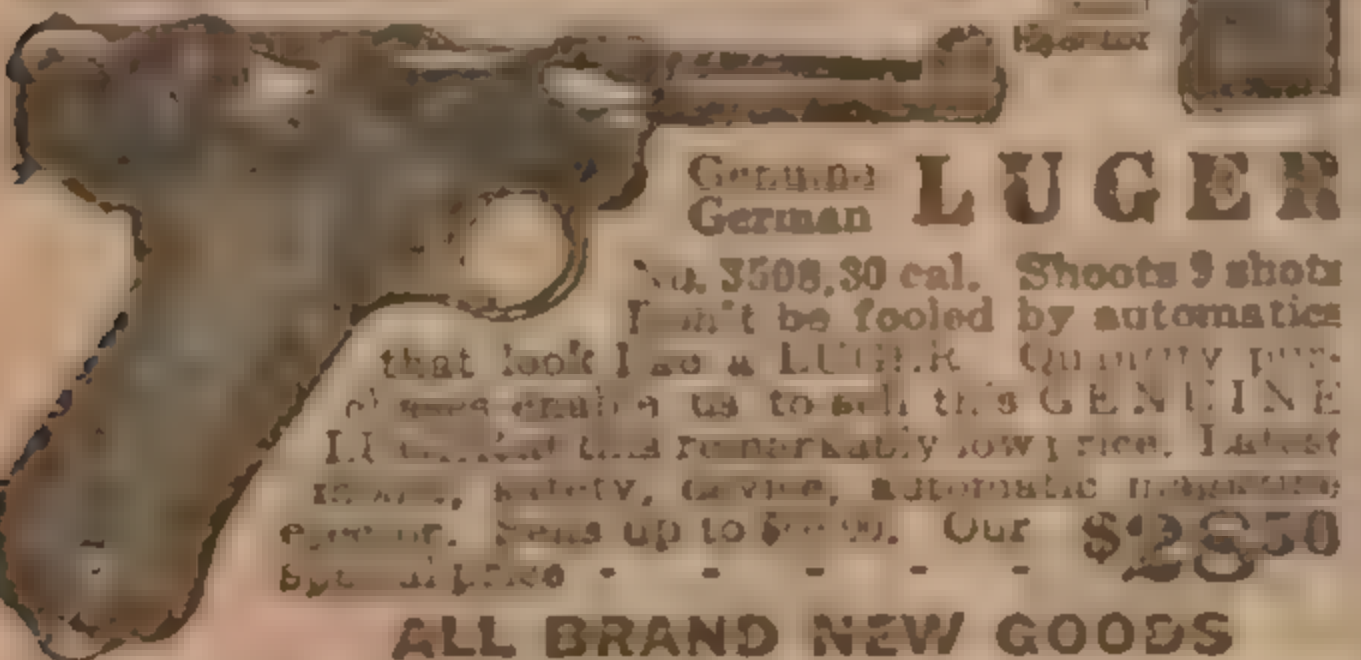
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SUSPENSION BRIDGE' ACROSS GRAND CANYON

There is a new thrill in store for tourists of the Grand Canyon of Colorado, says the *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. In spite of almost insuperable difficulties a suspension bridge has been constructed across the Colorado River, at Granite Gorge, permitting direct access from the south side to the north side — or north rim, as it is called — of the canyon, where is located the grandest scenery in the park, hitherto inaccessible to tourists. Henceforth the rim-to-rim travel is destined to be the most exciting incident in a visit to the Grand Canyon.

The site of the bridge is just above the mouth of Bright Angel Creek, about 10 miles by trail from Grand Canyon station. It is a narrow gorge with precipitous rocky walls towering to a height on the southern rim of 4,500 feet, and on the north rim to 1,500 feet higher. It is the only bridge over the Colorado River for a distance of 500 miles between The Needles, Cal., and the point in Utah where the Colorado is formed by the junction of the Grand and Green rivers.

COOL HOMES IN SUMMER

Americans may soon be living in ice houses.

The houses will not be the kind in which ice is stored, but a new type of dwelling designed by Leopold Pollak, an engineer and constructor of Budapest, Hungary. He is contemplating building a house manufacturing plant in Philadelphia so that the public will have a place to escape the sweltering heat without trekking shoreward or northward.

Mr. Pollak said that the houses will be made of infusorial earth and covered with porous bricks. In appearance they will be similar to those used by the natives of South America, who use monkey jugs, or water bottles made of pottery, to cool their homes.

The South American natives place in each corner of a room a water jug, and in a few moments the room is cooled by evaporation. Mr. Pollak does not go into details about his new plan, but states that he can regulate the cooling of a house in summer in a similar manner as that of heating the same building in winter. He said he can make a home as cool as an ice cellar on the hottest day in the year at a cost of approximately ten cents a day.

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